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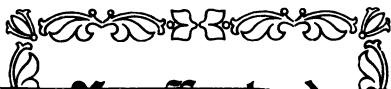
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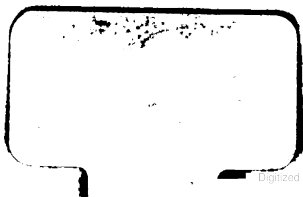
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M^{RS} LYDIA M. MALCOM.

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REV. !

USAND.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOC
530 ARCH STREET.
1866.



A
BRIEF MEMOIR.
OF
MRS. LYDIA M. MALCOM,
LATE OF BOSTON, MASS.

WIFE OF
REV. HOWARD MALCOM, D.D.

*"Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto THY NAME give glory,
for thy mercy, and thy truth's sake."—Psalm cxv. 1.*

TWELFTH THOUSAND.

PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.
530 ARCH STREET.
1866.

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MRS. MALCOM was the eldest daughter of ROBERT SHIELDS, of Philadelphia, and eldest grand-daughter of THOMAS SHIELDS, who, for more than fifty years, was deacon of the first Baptist church in that city, and after the organization of the Triennial Convention, was Vice-President of its Board till his death. He was a man of great wealth, great simplicity of manners, and great reputation for wisdom, firmness, and benevolence.*

She was born July 17, 1797, and enjoyed the best advantages of education which Philadelphia afforded. In her youth, she was remarkable for a love of natural scenery, a taste for reading, and a mind of uncommon vigor; but chiefly for the ardor with which she engaged in the amusements and pleasures of a numerous gay acquaintance. At this period she kept no diary, and few of her letters are extant.

In the year 1816, a small party was formed

* See an obituary notice in the American Baptist Magazine for March, 1820; and in vol. II. of the Latter-Day Luminary, published at Philadelphia.

to spend a few weeks at Great Egg Harbor, on the sea shore. Of this party, among the young persons, who had never seen each other before, were Miss Shields, and Mr. M., a member of Dr. Staughton's church in Philadelphia, and studying Divinity under his care. Mr. M. took frequent opportunities of conversing with the two young ladies of the party, on the subject of religion. In a few days, it became apparent that these conversations had produced a deep effect on the mind of Miss S., while to the other, the subject seemed rather to become repulsive.

Among other walks in the neighborhood, one led to a retired, private burial-ground. There, on a rude seat, almost daily conversations occurred between the new inquirer and her young spiritual adviser. Her mind seemed to embrace with avidity the glorious truths of revelation. Surprising as it may seem, they had never before been urged upon her, personally, by any Christian friend. A diary, which she was now persuaded to commence, exhibits the genuine feelings of evangelical conviction.

The following extract from it shews her fondness for the contemplation of nature, and that, like too many others, she was prone to mistake it for religious feeling.

“Esteem and affection form the basis of a

friendship such as had never penetrated my heart until Howard taught me to love God.—And that love is the cement which will ever hold it firm to him. I was always a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature, when on a visit to my grand-papa's* at the age of fourteen, I thought myself supremely happy whilst climbing the mountain's rocky height, pausing to admire the beauties of the little wild flower, culling the fruit that hung in fragrant clusters amidst the thick arched trees, listening to the cheerful song of the birds, welcoming the appearance of the day, observing the dewy flowers glistening in the beams of the morning, and after having gained the summit of the mountain, the Delaware proudly rolling its waves along the green banks, or dashing with a white foam and washing the base of the frowning rocks—this to a mind light with joy, and totally unacquainted with sorrow, was enchanting. From viewing a scene magnificently sublime, in mingled admira-

* In Wayne County, Pennsylvania, where deacon Shields owned some thousands of acres of land. He had laid out the town of Damascus, and erected for himself a mansion, house, mill, barn, &c. He also erected a meeting house, at his individual expense; and deeded it, with two acres of land, to Mr. Yerkes, his miller; in trust, for the use of a Baptist church, if any should ever be constituted there. In the meantime it was to be free to all.

tion and astonishment my mind would ascend from nature's works to nature's God, and my childish imagination endeavor to portray the supreme beauty of a God, whose power, wisdom and greatness is so unbounded, and is so strikingly displayed in his works. At the recollection of those much-loved scenes, my mind thrills with joy, and with pleasure I dwell on the kindness of a beloved grand-father and grand-mother, who with fond delight indulged my childish caprices, and with watchful care, assisted in forming my mind and instilling into it the principles of virtue—All, all, with sacred gratitude is remembered, and never, until life ceases, will be forgotten.

“After having left school I was introduced to scenes of fashionable gaiety, and plunged in a vortex of pleasure. All was novel, and of course pleasing. The winter was spent in dissipation. Inexperienced and unacquainted with the deceit of human nature, I believed the heart of every one expressed in their countenance; if I received a smile, I believed them my friends, and thought it a sufficient claim to my esteem.

“After indulging deep and serious reflection, caused by the display, of God's glorious power of creation, my mind would swell with adoration, but it was *my friend* who taught me to

seek him not in His works, though wondrous, but 'seek him rather, where his mercy shines.' From my friend I learned the value of an immortal soul, and that only through the righteousness of a crucified Saviour I could ever hope for acceptance with God."

Returning to the city from the sea shore, the acquaintance thus commenced was continued. Miss S. was led to devotional meetings, introduced to serious persons, and persuaded to read religious books. Still, however, the influence of gay acquaintances, and the force of early habit, often led her into extravagancies, and made it obvious, that notwithstanding all her convictions of sin, and strenuous resolutions, her heart was not right with God. Her friend, however, continued his occasional visits, and kept her attention directed to the considerations of eternity. Gradually, but obviously, she became in the next six or eight months more serious, as well as more enlightened. Her diary proved an important auxiliary to the growth of religious principle. Beside this, an acquaintance with an eminently religious female friend, now ripened into an ardent friendship, which exerted the happiest influence on her heart and character. She thus writes in a letter about that time: "Serious reflection has for the last week engrossed

my mind. I am reading Cole's work* with a tranquil and divine pleasure, never before experienced by me in the perusal of works of a religious nature. Unto my Heavenly Father I present my most fervent acknowledgments for so disposing my mind, that those things which were once my aversion are now my desire ; and for what once constituted my sole felicity, I now entertain disgust. The allurements of fashionable pleasure I determine to relinquish ; that my mind may not be abstracted, and my affections alienated from God, their only proper object."

Some months afterward, she was in the country, and heard a sermon, which aided her not a little. In her diary, she says. "Heard the Rev. Mr. Boyd. The text was Luke x. 27. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind ; and thy neighbor as thyself.' I thought how awful was my condition ; commanded to love him with a fervent, ardent love, and yet I do not. I was greatly affected, and wept for my sinfulness. From the window of the church, I had a view of the grave-yard : many bodies, thought I, that are

* On Divine Sovereignty. A most excellent work, well deserving to be reprinted with retrenchments.

now lying in the cold, silent earth, once sat in this church, perhaps in the very seat that I now occupy; have listened to the sound of the gospel; have thought, have felt, as I do. Where now are their souls? Many perhaps have never made their peace with God. Awful idea! The graves remind me where my mortal course must certainly end. The scene had a great effect on my mind. There was not the least noise or sound; the very wind seemed hushed; not a leaf was agitated; a solemn conviction of sinfulness was diffused throughout my mind. I wept, and mentally prayed for that love which God commanded—'twas all I could do. Presently, the preacher said, 'those who have never felt a rapturous ardent love, be not dismayed! persevere, for *love is, where rapture never dwelt.*' The words sounded on my ear like a voice from heaven. What encouragement! And will a great God accept this cold love? Yet he sees my heart, and knows that I wish it to be more his own. The preacher said there had not been wanting instances of those who had mistaken the workings of a warm imagination upon a sensible and feeling heart, for the influence of divine grace; and when this had worn off, had been left in darkness and doubt; while those who had not felt such rapturous

love at first, had gone on shining brighter and brighter until the perfect day. Then, even I, may still have more love ! It is not the fear of death or hell that makes me seek him as the only refuge ; it is for himself alone that I wish to love. I must regret that when I leave church, and' other objects present themselves to my view, my solemn frames of mind continue so short a time. I remain serious, but that deep, feeling impression seems in a great measure to wear off."

A year rolled on before her mind became established in the Lord. Her letters and diary of that period show the alternate prevalence of good and evil, hope and fear, improvement and decay. But her opening discoveries of the nature and efficacy of the atonement, and her entire dependence on Christ for salvation, ultimately gave consistency to her faith, and she became steadfast, abounding in the work of the Lord.

About two years from the time of her first religious impressions, namely, July 5th, 1818, she was baptized by Dr. STAUGHTON, and became a member of Sansom St. Church, Philadelphia.

At the request of a friend, she wrote the following summary of her experience, as it had been delivered before the church, and her answers to the questions of the pastor :

“Two years have elapsed since my soul was awakened to a sense of its situation, and during that time, its exercises have been so various as to render me incapable of minutely relating them. This I can truly say, that whereas I was blind, I now see; whereas I was deaf, I now hear; and the things that formerly constituted my greatest delight, my soul now rejects with abhorrence. The conversations of a pious friend induced me to seek God, of whom I previously had but a very faint idea. When I take a retrospect, I am astonished that I could have permitted myself to be a despicable victim of infatuation; that I could ever have indulged in the ardent pursuit of pleasure, and permit the solemn duties my Creator has enjoined, to remain unattempted. I was living in utter negligence of the warnings which Sabbath after Sabbath, I received.

“I became convinced that it was impossible for me to love God and mammon; and found it impossible to pursue pleasures so congenial with my inclinations, and enjoy communion with God. Yet such was the imbecility of my reason, that I could not bring myself to relinquish the amusements I had been accustomed to participate in. I desired to possess Christ, but it was very repugnant to my inclinations to bear the cross. I

vainly persuaded myself that it would do very well to defer a serious preparation for eternity until a more convenient season. But the conflict is now over. *Jesus* has effected *all* for me. The pleasures I once so fondly loved, are now divested of the charm that fascinated me, *for Jesus is not there*; and I have sweetly realized that a day or an hour spent with him, is infinitely superior to many devoted to the pursuit of amusements that disguise the shaft of death, and allure us to destruction.

“Astonishment fills my mind when I reflect how long I vacillated in my opinion which was preferable—Christ and his cross, or earth and its joys—and how long I rejected the Saviour’s proffered love, and indulged in the latter. If, instead of displaying to me the beauty of his ways, the glory of his character, and the fulness of his love, he had exercised against me his indignation, it would have been *just*.

“A sermon I heard from Mr. Boyd, at Oxford, made an indelible impression on my mind. It was from the words—‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.’ A solemn conviction of sin was diffused through my soul, and I wept because its affections were so languid. I looked

at the graves round about the place ; they, in solemn, silent eloquence, conveyed to my mind, that unless I had the Lord Jesus for my friend, my soul must be involved in eternal ruin.

“ The doctrine of election much perplexed and exercised my mind. I read several works treating of this doctrine, but none were effectual in divesting my mind of prejudice ; and such an unhappy frame was excited, that devotional feelings were for a time almost suspended. I could not conceive how it could comport with Divine justice, to love some with an everlasting love, and resign others to perpetual misery.”

Dr. S. How did your mind find relief in this case ?

Ans. From solemn meditation and prayer. I considered that it is impossible for God to be unjust, and as impossible for a finite creature to comprehend the councils of Divine wisdom. I was induced to desist from endeavoring to penetrate that which an omniscient God has thought proper to envelope in mystery. He has perspicuously delineated my duty in his sacred word ; and I am determined, with his assistance, to attend, conform to, and be grateful for, that which he has been graciously pleased to reveal.

Dr. S. On what do you depend for salvation ? Do you think that you possess any merit ?

Ans. Totally destitute. Christ and his crucified, is my only ground of hope for salvation.

Dr. S. Do you love the people of God?

Ans. I used to think that Christians were a gloomy, unhappy, enthusiastic set of people. I was averse to being in their company, and disliked their conversation. Now, I entertain a very different opinion. I think it is the Christian only, who *truly* enjoys the world. The love of Christ imparts such refinement, and fills the soul with such aspiring hope, as elevates man above the anxieties and vicissitudes to which temporal things are subject. The consciousness that they are but pilgrims and sojourners here, and citizens of an eternal world, induces them to assume the armor of righteousness and shield of faith, that they may be prepared for every conflict that can possibly be encountered in this terrestrial scene. And I love them because they love God."

She thus describes, in a letter to Miss Berry, who had lately become pious, her emotions on the solemn occasion of her baptism. After stating her previous fears of being intimidated, she says, "When the hour arrived, I experienced no such emotions. My soul was devoid of rapturous feeling, but serene joy pervaded

every faculty, and every feeling vibrated with celestial love. I exulted when I stood up with the Dr. during a portion of his address, in thus publicly professing myself a candidate for an eternal world, a child of God, a follower of the blessed Jesus. My happiness was consummate, and I panted to tell those who were present what a precious Saviour I have found, and most ardently I desired again to relate to them what Jesus has done for my soul, and to persuade precious immortal souls who do not love God, no longer to pursue the fleeting shadowy pleasures of time, while immortal substance awaits them. I regretted that it was not customary for candidates on baptismal occasions to speak to the audience.* I would have told them that I was once the infatuated votary of pleasure, and immersed in amusements that abstract the affections from God; that it was his power alone that defended me from the shaft of death, which they conceal, and rescued me from the gulf of destruction, to which they allure; and that I would not exchange the happiness I derive from the promises of the sacred oracles, for all that human power can afford me without Christ.

* Truly this is to be regretted. She ought to have complied with her promptings.

Truly the ways of religion are pleasant, and her paths are peace.

“My dear friend, why do you delay to come before the world, and profess the name of the holy Jesus? Do you wait for greater sanctification?

‘If you tarry till you’re better,
You will never come at all.
Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you!
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.’

“Will you not, dear friend, come forward and profess yourself a soldier of the cross? There never will arrive a better time than the present. It is the penitent, contrite heart, conscious of its own deficiencies, that the Lord demands. Oh, that the vigor of our youth may not elapse without being devoted to the service of Immanuel. That he may take our hearts into his hand, and mould them according to his will, that we may be enabled to perform that which comports with his interest and glory, is the prayer of

“Your affectionate friend,

“LYDIA M. SHIELDS.”

The emotions at her first participation of the Lord's supper, as described in her diary, were not joyous but aspiring. Usefulness absorbed her desires, and the burden of her prayers was to "implore the omnipotent Spirit of God to impart strength, that I may work while it is day," At her second communion season, her experience was more pleasurable. Under that date she says, "My second communion season approaching, I devoted the week prior to reading 'Henry's Communicant's Companion.' The attentive perusal of it, united with prayer and meditation, had a most happy effect in preparing my mind for that solemn ordinance. My soul was dissolved in mingled love and gratitude. My tears flowed with very little intermission, and relieved my surcharged heart. I felt sensible that sin was intimately commingled with my nature; but saw before me that solemn ordinance which appeared as 'a rainbow set in the clouds,' to indicate that I shall not be swept away by the wrath of God. In the language of Scripture, I could say, 'He brought me into his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.' The most perfect bliss that can be experienced in this terrestrial scene, sinners are deprived of by being estranged from God. O Lord ! thou hast snatched me as a brand from

the burning, for which I desire to present to thee the oblation of love and gratitude. Extend thy pity to the victims of delusion; displace the bandage from their eyes; may thy holy Spirit induce them to seek and love holiness, that they may be saved. My heart throbbed with joy, when, after the celebration of our Lord's supper, the names of twelve candidates were propounded.* I rejoice that so many are coming out to enlist under the banner of the Lord. O Lord, may thy churches flourish as a well-watered garden; may they be clothed with zeal as with a cloak, and converge nearer and nearer each other in the bonds of affection, as they approximate to thee, their common object.

"Aug. 16, 1818.—For several weeks, such radiance of celestial joy has possessed my soul, as I could scarce believe could be experienced, while dwelling in this tenement of clay. I made the inquiry, what can it portend? Does God design soon to take me to himself, and is this giving me the foretaste of the joys of heaven? I felt that if it was his will to sound my retreat, I should go exulting, possessed of the blissful assurance of a blessed immortality."

* It is to be lamented that this practice of propounding candidates a month before their examination before the church, has to a considerable extent fallen into disuse.

The following is extracted from a letter written to W. M. about the same time :

“ God has given me such enrapturing views of his countenance, that I could never have believed it possible, had I not experienced it, that the human soul was susceptible of such sublime emotions. When, for the second time, I partook of the Lord’s supper, my Father’s face was astonishingly revealed to my soul. Celestial love predominated, while every faculty conspired to present the offering of gratitude to my heavenly Mediator. I renew my oath of allegiance to the Captain of my salvation. I exult that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth ; for by his power and atoning blood, when this tabernacle of clay is dissolved, I shall be invested with the immaculate robe of righteousness. I employ all opportunities, when I can without giving umbrage, to tell others of the importance, excellence, and beauty of the religion we have professed, desiring that they will determine, and not rest until they realize the blessing ; but alas ! the indifference that is manifested, chills the glow that dilated my heart but a few minutes previously. I will persist, and endeavor to displace the bandage of delusion that obscures the sight of my poor fellow

immortals.* Even the laugh of derision shall not deter me; for was not Jesus derided by a *multitude*?

“Dear H., let us aim at being (as Edwards has beautifully expressed it,) ‘little suns;’ the symbols of that, whose light we have received, that we may enlighten the path of those who grope in darkness. What should intimidate us, when our Father smiles? We will not live ‘without God in the world.’ Nothing less than his presence and smile can appease the desires of my soul. I avail myself of the language of my favorite author, because it so perfectly breaths my own feelings.

‘As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream—for Him who made him,
So pants my thirsty soul, amidst the waste
Of sublunary joys.’”

Speaking of some severe domestic afflictions, she says in a letter of March, 1818:

“Sometimes the swell of anguish bursts the restraint imposed upon it, and vents itself in tears. But it is soon succeeded by sweet resignation, and consolation derived from the recollection that Almighty God guides the helm

*Reader! Pause and note this determination. Did she do any more in this than you may do? Was she any more bound to this sort of effort than you are? Was she any younger in the Divine life than yourself?

of the universe. If I but contribute my part, and *improve* his providences, all will eventually be for my happiness. That ray of promise 'I will never leave you nor forsake you,' has consoled the humble believer in the gloom of primitive ages, and now bursts on my enraptured mental vision, darting through incumbent afflictions, and cheers my passage to the cold tomb. I know that I shall sustain no moral change in the grave. How blind to my own interest, then, if I desired my eternal Friend to withhold those chastisements, which produce an exceeding increase of glory. A sentiment of the pious Mr. Coles* is worth remembering—'Think not your portion mean, or hardly dealt out—your good things are to come—they are *growing* in the other world, and, at the time of harvest, he will send his angels for you; yea, the Lord himself will come, and fetch you thither, and you shall be forever with him in whose presence is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are rivers of pleasure forevermore.' We will remember, love, that we shall not long be subject to the storms that sweep this earth. One unbounded spring will soon encircle us. In all our conflicts with internal and external

• On Divine Sovereignty,

foes, we will unite in prayer to our Parent, who is ever watching over our good, that we may be more assimilated to the lowly Jesus, that we shall exhibit such Christian excellencies as will enable us to appear in the orient realms of beatific vision, to wake the song of the angelic choir—‘These are they who have come out of much tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’”

Like most other Christians, especially in the early stages of their career, her frames were often dark.

“Saturday, Sept. 19.—Alas! how greatly has the exhilarating influence of the Son of Righteousness been diminished in my soul! How subtilly does Satan inject his darts into my heart, and cause this cloud to arise and obscure the loveliness of my Saviour’s face! Self investigation reveals to me so much of deformity, that I am averse to engage in it so frequently as I know is my duty. Now I experience the unhappy effect of negligence in watchfulness over my soul. I remember my accustomed hours of devotion; but it is only a sense of duty that impels me to the throne of grace. My soul is like the dove that could find no resting-place. So, Lord, would my soul flee to thee;

but it cleaveth unto the dust. When I would come to thee by prayer, my soul is not comforted, for the heaven appears as brass, and its gates like bars of iron. O God, let my voice reach the heavens, and cause a spark from thy altar to influence my soul with love."

Under a subsequent date, she says, "Afternoon. The Dr. was on the sufferings of our crucified Lord. My cold heart refused its sensibility, while contemplating the sacrifice for sin. During the ordinance, I found my thoughts frequently wandering from the love I was externally commemorating. I could but offer myself to Jesus, as one of his most ungrateful servants. I felt my unworthiness of the privileges of a child of God; but my soul clung to Jesus, as its only hope."

The manner of her relief, shows how wrong it is for persons in a dark frame, to neglect the ordinances of God, especially, the Holy Supper.

"Sunday, May 9.—Attended Sunday-school and Divine worship during the day. My heart was cold under the sound of the gospel, and I fear not much benefited by the services of the sanctuary. I dined at grand-father's; and feeling much dissatisfied with myself on account of the insensibility of my heart, took advantage of an opportunity of retiring before I attended

Sunday-school; and presented the cause of my dissatisfaction to my God, and prayed him to remove the obduracy of my heart, to give me correct views of myself; and I besought him to show me the preciousness of a Saviour's blood in restoring me to the enjoyment of his Spirit.

"At the display of the symbols that commemorate my Saviour's death, my soul lost much of its languor. The privilege I was about to participate in seemed so great, and I felt myself so undeserving of it, that I almost feared I was deceiving myself with false views. I retraced my whole experience, and was astonished at the folly that has attended the whole course. But I prayed the Lord to show me myself; and, in proportion as I felt my unworthiness, I felt the preciousness of a Saviour's blood; and my faith in that was so strong, that again I feared I was deceiving myself. Lord, thou knowest that I do not wish this apathy of soul to continue. Thou knowest that I desire to love thee more and serve thee better. I will obey the precious invitation, and receive the rest thou hast promised, when thou didst say, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Before I departed from the sanctuary I felt my soul full of joy, and rejoiced exceedingly in

the God of my salvation. I did not forget, at this sweet season, to pray for my poor family, and for Mr. M. In an extacy of joyous feeling, I united in singing the beautiful hymn beginning with 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' I left the house of the Lord full of desire and energy to be mere zealous in the service of my Redeemer, and prayed him to enable me to lead poor wandering souls to him."

"Monday, May 10.—Arose in a sweetly devotional frame of mind. The duties of the day were performed with cheerfulness, and were sweetened by the remembrance of the happy Lord's day I passed yesterday."

From this time her religious character acquired more and more strength and consistency. Her religious enjoyments also continued to increase, and several of her letters to undecided inquirers, dwell on the pleasure and advantage of an open profession.

She entered with zeal into divers benevolent operations. Though her health was feeble, she visited and relieved the poor, became a manager of the Philadelphia Female Bible Society, and of the Baptist Female Education Society, and superintendent of a Sunday-school for colored female children. Her anxiety for the conversion of others displayed itself in every letter to her

friends. To her parents and other relations, she wrote pointedly and solemnly. The following are specimens out of many which have been preserved :

"White Hall, N. J., Sept., 1818.

"My dear Brother—

"Mamma desired me to write to you by her ; but I declined, because I have relinquished all epistolary correspondence that has not religion for the subject. I thought you would give my letter a careless reading, and not reflect on the contents. But how weak and how sinful was I ! Was my trust in God ? Surely a letter written by a sister whose heart pants for the salvation of your immortal soul will not be read with indifference.

"On the most important of all concerns, I now address you. In the name of that holy God who has brought me from darkness unto light, I entreat your solemn attention and performance. Oh ! let it not be that I must meet you at the judgment bar, to testify that I have warned you of wrath to come, and you have not heeded it. Perhaps you think the life of a Christian is a life of restraint and self-denial. It is such self-denial as ennobles our nature and promotes our happiness. We must refrain

from sin, because it offends God. Sin is more congenial to the inclinations of the natural mind, than holiness; and the combats of the believer, with the evil propensities of his own soul, form what is termed the Christian warfare. Sin must be exterminated, before holiness can flourish. God has said that his paths are pleasantness and peace. I have been an ardent votary of what the world calls pleasure; but I solemnly declare that I never knew pleasure until I knew God. Perhaps you think you cannot endure the laugh of your associates. Do you prefer pleasing them to pleasing God? Do you think, when your poor naked soul appears before its Maker to receive its final sentence, that your acquaintances can afford you any relief, however trifling, from the denunciation—‘Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; I know you not.’ Now resolve on *heaven* or *hell*. If the lovers of the world despise you, Jesus has declared, ‘They hated me, before they hated you.’ The followers of Jesus cannot hope to be caressed by the world, when he was crucified. The greatest portion of my letter has been written with tears in my eyes. Into the hands of God, I commend you, that he may incline your soul to the prayer of

“Your affectionate sister,

“LYDIA M. SHIELDS.”

"White Hall, N. J., Sept. 18, 1818.

"My dear Father—

"My heart throbbed with joy when I read the expression that you hoped my letter would prove profitable. That desire is the rising beam of the Spirit. Oh cherish it, and let not the prayers of your child ascend to the throne of mercy for her parent's salvation unaccompanied by your own. I cannot resist entreating you to seek after that kingdom which endureth forever. When the 'trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised,' how should I shudder to meet you before the Great Judge, if I had never persuaded you to flee his wrath, and 'wash your robes in the blood of the Lamb?' If I act in opposition to the command 'let your light shine before men,' if I hide mine 'under a bushel' I am none of God's, and cannot hope to realize his promises. This incipient state of things is designed for a life of probation, and on the manner in which we decide here, depends our eternal state. We must live as becomes candidates for an inheritance in the kingdom of God, or abide by the opposite alternative, and be involved in the gulf that rolls with fire and brimstone. The natural mind adduces such arguments as : that we need not endeavor to obtain piety—all efforts must prove abortive ;

for, unless God pleases, we cannot be saved. True, we cannot be saved without God, 'for we are all as an unclean thing, and our righteousness is as filthy rags,' but the merits of Jesus are all sufficient. He says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' We must trust in the Lord, who is all-sufficient, and who will be 'inquired of by us.' We may possess the desire to walk, but cannot effect it unless we exert the means God has endowed us with.

- "Let me request you to read the 11th chapter of Luke. It is replete with encouragements to engage and persist in prayer. A secret unbelief will entwine itself with the natural mind; it will accept and conform to so much only as is congenial to the inclinations; but we dare not accept of a portion and reject the rest. Because we are not sufficiently advanced in grace and the knowledge of Christ to enable us to understand the sublime truths of revelation, we are not, therefore, to doubt that which is
- superior to an obscured reason, and say it is unreasonable. The natural man does not contrast his soul guilty and polluted with sin, with the holy character of Jesus. He is content with the spurious gem of self-righteousness, and casting away the pearl of price, treasures up to himself that wrath which endureth forever. The

natural person thinks that because he does not commit flagrant sins, he is safe. We display the enmity of our soul toward God, in that we have not his glory in view, and do not thirst after holiness.

“What avails it, ‘if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls.’ Earth can afford us no permanent joy; why then should we be so sedulous in the pursuit of its objects. Our best pleasures are alloyed, and it is a truth not now to be learned, that in a greater or less degree, we are all heirs of affliction; what shall support us in this vale of tears if we possess not the soul-elevating pleasures of religion. This will enable us to look forward with joyous expectation when we shall be emancipated from the tenement of clay, and in all the rapture of the ransomed, rejoice that though the sun shall sink into eternal darkness, and the moon and stars shall fade, yet our joy is consummate, because our names are ‘found written in the book of life,’ and we shall reign with him forever and forever.

“That ours may be the happy lot, after we have passed the confines of the grave, to enter the heavenly Canaan to dwell with God in glory, is the solemn prayer of

“Your affectionate daughter,

“LYDIA M. SHIELDS.”

Her department at Sunday-school was formed wholly through her instrumentality. Having been appointed, at her own request, to the small class of negroes, she so assiduously sought out scholars from the lanes and alleys, that her number grew to several classes ; amounting at length to more than a hundred. For this part of our population she always felt deeply. The following is an extract from her diary, after conversing with a pious black man :

“ Oh God ! how long shall this poor injured people endure their sufferings ? Wilt thou not excite some of thy people to redress their injuries ? The day shall soon arrive, when, at the awful bar of retribution, the sons of Ethiopia will be avenged. Let the despicable worldling say, that negroes are beings devoid of gratitude, and not capable of improvement. I do not believe it, and abhor those whom I hear assert such an opinion. I believe that they possess intellectual energy, and that it requires but the genial breath of liberty to cause it to evolve. Can the lash and the (I had almost said *accursed*.) hardships to which they are inured, elicit their nobler faculties of mind ? Color does not affect the soul ; and if they seldom develope superior powers, it is because they are obscured by their situation. The poor

negro I this morning conversed with, exhibits a proof that African souls may display graces that would adorn the soul of any Christian. When he conversed of Jesus with so much humility, how deformed did my soul appear to me, so destitute of that meekness which is the Christian's greatest ornament? Oh, how dissimilar to the dear Redeemer am I! Holy Spirit, I implore thee to teach me; transform this impatient, irritable disposition of mine, to the meek and heavenly disposition exhibited by the Redeemer. O my God, a short time past I thought thou intendedst soon to take me to thyself; but now thou art manifesting thy will that I should not yet be emancipated from this gloomy little cell. Let me then live to thy service, and not as a cumberer of the ground; and give me strength adapted for every conflict in life. O my Father, when shall I be with thee? Oh, ye lingering days! haste on, and bring my soul to rest.

' Make haste, my days, and reach the goal
That brings my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.'

About this time, the friendship which had hitherto existed without the remotest expecta-

tion of any thing more, seemed to ripen into a higher attachment. Since her mind had been decidedly religious, it had developed new attractions, and that reciprocity of feelings and aims which was naturally created by the change, gave a new aspect to intercourse. The character of the attachment she now allowed herself to cherish, was decidedly spiritual. Her letters all breathe a pure and celestial regard, recognizing supreme duty to God. To Mr. M., at this time a student in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey, she writes :

“How can I sorrow for your absence, when love for God is paramount. In loving you, I look through the creature to the Creator. He is the ultimate source of all my joy. Why should we drink only of the stream, when we can have access to the fountain? In loving you, I love God; in loving God, I love the emanation of his Spirit which I discern in you. My soul pants to be actively engaged for the Lord; but alas! when I reflect that my performances do not approximate to the amount of the talent I have received, much less present an equivalent, the painful tear gushes, and I implore the Giver of all gifts to grant that which alone can render life desirable. How sedulous should we be in pursuing things that have an

immortal aim, when we consider that our best performances are compounded with sin, and, if weighed in the scales of the sanctuary, the balance would be against us. May love for Jesus ever be the potent incentive to our actions. May self be discarded, and his interest ever prompt us. Not any thing but this will prove efficacious in elevating our affections above the grovelling pursuits of earth ; or fit us for the heavenly Canaan, by divesting us of the assimilation our natures have acquired to the transient objects of time. How exquisitely delightful it is, love, whilst passing through the wilderness of life, to have such near and invigorating approaches to the 'font of bliss,' to enjoy so much of the 'sunshine of the Deity.' Those gifts which we have freely received, may it ever be our prevailing desire to exercise toward others, that they may be influenced and benefited. I think, love, that I never in my life enjoyed such felicity as since I have been united to the church militant. My affections expand with fervor toward others, and I would fain, were it in my power, force them to come in and enjoy the pleasures of the enclosed garden "

To the same.

" Philadelphia, January, 1819.

"With deep interest I direct my feeble efforts toward the advancement of our Theological Institution, as the place from whence great usefulness will emanate. The object the students at present have in view, is to make as rapid progress as possible, for brother Chase* expects in the spring, students who have graduated at colleges. My trust is in the Lord, for the support of our institution. I know that he is sufficient to open channels that shall afford supplies commensurate with the vastness of the object. Inauspicious appearances are not always the precursors of undesirable terminations. Christ's work has ever been subject to obstructions. These very difficulties should incite his followers to more vigorous exertion, and considering ourselves his agents, every power of the soul should be strained in his service. An opinion Dr. Staughton asserted in the pulpit, I think possesses much correctness, 'That every scheme meets with opposition in proportion to the mass of good it embraces.'

* Rev. Ira Chase, who had been employed as an assistant to D. Staughton in the Institution at Philadelphia, and had recently entered on his work.

"My health is so much amended, that I anticipate being engaged the ensuing winter in such pursuits as shall have the Lord's service for their object ; for I shall desire that the ' little wick of life's poor shallow lamp' may be consumed in the service of him from whom it was derived. The debility, from which I was totally exempt for several weeks, again threatens to return. I have experienced several transient attacks, and regard them as the sweet voice of God, enjoining me to watch and be ready.

"May the Lord keep us and preserve us, to serve him with affection and zeal—and to make his interests our dearest interests."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, March 19th, 1819.

"When I survey the theater upon which we are performing, and remember that several have been summoned to the eternal world, who afforded the happiest presages of being conspicuous in Immanuel's cause, I feel in truth that life is but a transient cloud, a flower that withereth ; and the importance of living nearer to God and more to his glory, solemnly presses upon my mind. In a few days, you and I shall go the way of all flesh, and what will the smiles

or the frowns of mankind concern us, when introduced into the presence of God? In the decisive day, what a support would our souls receive from the consciousness, that in all our actions, a conformity to the Divine will, was our object. Shall we not eventually mingle with those holy ranks to which we are most assimilated? Then let us humbly endeavor, relying on Divine strength, to brighten our crowns while life is extended. May we obey the counsel of wisdom, and so number our days that, in the expiring conflict, we shall not be constrained to lament having left undone the duties which should have been performed.

“It is more easy to form theories for our conduct, than to reduce them to practice. But, utterly disclaiming all reliance on human strength, my hope clings to a Divine power. Paul said, that though of himself he could do nothing, yet ‘in Christ I can do all things.’ May we realize that through faith even *mountains* remove before us. Pray for me, that I may not forget the purpose for which existence is bestowed. How requisite is it for us to adopt unremittedly in our practice, the admonition of my favorite author to his Lorenzo, introduced by the inquiry—

‘ Dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft serenity, because unknown
Which moment is commissioned to destroy ?
In death’s uncertainty the danger lies.
Is death uncertain ? Therefore be thou fixed,
Fixed as a sentinel—all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o’er thy soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding—Watch, be strong.
Thus give *each day*, the merit and renown,
Of dying well, tho’ doomed but once to die.’ ”

The following is, in the strain of many others,
to an unconverted aunt in New Jersey—

“ *March 20th, 1819.*

* * * * “ Can you, dear aunt, imagine
any situation more dismaying than to be
brought to a death-bed, and there have to
lament never having chosen the service of the
Lord ? The poor soul, thrown into confusion,
and expecting every moment to be plunged into
the region of despair and misery ! Praised be
the giver of existence, we still have time to
seek conformity to the holy nature of God.
Let us not deceive ourselves. Our eternal
state depends on the manner in which we
spend our present life. O let us examine our-
selves, and ascertain our relation to the Lord

Jesus. If we *feel* that we are sinners, and need an interest in his atonement, and are in conscious jeopardy until our sins are forgiven, then may we be heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

“ Shall we confine our views and pursuits to this ignoble state of being? Shall we neglect to improve the talents intrusted to us, when, in a little while, we are to be called upon to give an account of them all to the Master? Let us not, by rejecting mercy, aggravate our eternal state by the recollection that we once possessed the means of securing a happy eternity.

“ May your husband be your partner in the pursuit of eternal blessedness! may your children's minds receive from you such a bias, that in death they may bless you for your pious care. Perhaps you think my letters gloomy. Forgive me for so earnestly pressing the subject of religion upon you. I have but just learned the value of my soul, and desire others to have their eyes opened. We shall both soon stand at the great tribunal. I leave my letters to your serious, solemn consideration; may they not be in vain !”

Such letters were written to all her correspondents, and show that so soon as converted she

entered at once into a life of true missionary activity. Whether the efforts failed or were successful, she herself is now reaping the rich reward on high. What hinders you, reader, from the same sort of exertion ?

To Mr. M.

" Philadelphia, April 27th, 1819.

" I most affectionately thank you, love, for the style in which your last letter to your mother, which she kindly shewed me, was written. Your effort to advance your mother in the Christian path, was more grateful to my heart, than if I had received a letter replete with the most impassioned effusions of affection. What pleasure admits of comparison with that which results from the endeavor to rescue souls from the gate of eternal death ? I rejoice that you are devoting a portion of your efforts to negroes. You know the interest I feel for this class of society. I shall ever, dear H., unite with you my feeble efforts, with pleasure and alacrity, for the amelioration of their condition. The mass of ignorance and vice incumbent on this portion of our fellow creatures, can only be removed by the power of God, in making effectual the religion of Jesus. Sunday-schools, like fountains of light, are

becoming dispersed through society, and are shedding their mild irradiations of light, to dissipate the gloom which has heretofore obscured the African intellect. The Lord sweetly encourages me to continue my efforts for my class. Several manifest great solemnity, when I converse with them on religion; and one poor girl, who never previously prayed, says she now observes this important duty. With a glow of delight, I remember and determine, that as

‘Ethiopia’s sons, Ethiopia’s daughters,
Are welcomed to drink evangelical waters,
Since the mandate divine bids the fettered be free,
I’ll po’nt the poor African, Saviour! to thee.’

“Last Sunday I commenced discharging the duties of manager for our African Sunday-school. We have removed it to a fine room in College avenue.

“You request me to peruse the letters of several celebrated characters, and to compare and improve my style by their’s. My letters cannot boast the *vivacity* and *lustre* reflected from Lady Montague’s imagination; I did not consider that of sufficient importance to make it a subject of prayer. But if my memory serves me, I have not written one letter since I plight-

ed my vow to Jesus, by descending into the baptismal font, which I have not prayed might be imbued with religious sentiment, and prove profitable. If they have not been so to those for whom they were designed, they have to myself. My views of duty have been strengthened, and my purposes of acting confirmed.

"I am pleased that you are pursuing a portion of your studies in French. Wither-
spoon says that that language possesses superiority over ours, the cultivation of it having been commenced antecedent to the cultivation of our own. I am pleased that you possess the key of access to the superior works on divinity, which, he also says, that language boasts."

To Mrs. James Wilson, Baltimore.

"Philadelphia, April 24th, 1819.

"Dear Cousin—

* * * "How solemnly does the departure of our dear relative, Robert McKim, admonish *us* to be prepared for the day or the hour the coming of which we know not! Each pulse reminds us that the vital current rapidly ebbs. The vicissitudes of life, and the instability of its enjoyments, bid us not depend on objects of time for happiness. *Our summons is now on the way*; and in a few days 'the place that now knows

us, shall know us no more.' Happy for us if we be found faithful unto death ; for, on our improvement of life depends our grade of enjoyment in the place where times and seasons change not, and ages roll unceasing.

"Most sincerely I sympathize with his honored sister ; and if I could offer any consolations that would in the slightest degree alleviate her affliction, most affectionately would I tender them. But she has not now to learn that God brings good out of evil, and has given his immutable promise that all things shall work together for good to them that love him. Happy the soul whom our father *sanctifies* by the experiences of this world, whether comfortable or sad !"

To Mr. M.

"Philadelphia, August 3d, 1819.

"This morning, I was engaged in efforts for the Educational Society, and Sunday-school. I feel more and more the importance, that my actions should be influenced by religion, and my conversation incorporated with it. Before I left my chamber, I prayed the Lord to give success, or if it should comport with his pleasure to withhold it, to cause truth to be deeply blended with my conversation, and so success-

fully addressed to their minds, as should leave there an abiding impression, and cause a train of solemn, heart-improving reflection. No advantage occurred to the society or school, as I collected nothing. But I was enabled to rejoice in the opportunities which were afforded me, for pressing the necessity of improving the short portion of time allotted us. How sweet it is to endeavor to diffuse a love for religion in the circle of our acquaintance. I feel assured that my efforts this morning were not in vain.

"I have been reading 'Phillip's Speeches,' and have now commenced 'Family Devotions,' by Samuel Palmer.

"Some time ago I read Henry on Prayer; and find that my mind is furnished with more Scriptural expressions, and more enlarged and holy views than before. In the commencement of some of his prayers, he asks for the aid of the holy Spirit to assist in the duty. I hope, love, that you and I may have our prayers dictated for us by the holy Spirit, and constantly possess more abundant spiritual illumination of understanding.

"A work has recently appeared, entitled 'Reflections on Prayer, and the Errors that Prevent its Efficacy,' by Hannah More. I shall procure it to read.

"I have commenced as you request, 'Foster's Essays,' and advanced as far as the middle of the 'Essay on Decision of Character.' He has a very exalted view of things, but his style is intolerably heavy and dull. It was almost imposing a task on myself to advance thus far, for it absolutely put me into a stupor. However, a sentiment in it was the means of unveiling to me many disguised motives of my soul, from which I have been acting. I forget in what part the idea was embodied, and the manner in which it was expressed, but the import was this, that as all the pursuits of life must ultimately resolve themselves into death and judgment, it becomes us to act with views solely to the glory of God."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, Dec. 22d, 1819.

"My health was miserable for a few days after your departure. I felt extremely weak, and a stagnation of powers, and indisposition of mind toward my favorite pursuits. I scarcely knew whether it did not portend the putting off of the terrene vesture. In this state, more of the extent of my affection for you, was developed to me. I could not endure the idea of leaving my loved H. to travel the toilsome path of life

sorrowing. I sought the Lord in prayer ; and weeping, implored that my system might be invigorated, and that I might be spared yet longer to his cause, and to you. I now feel quite well, except trifling weakness. And *I shall* gladden and endear domestic life to you, as we journey through this vale of tears.

“I feel already convinced that the objects of the world are unsatisfying, though they are sometimes imposing in their aspect. If the voice of inspiration were obeyed, and if the command, to love God, with all the ardor of the soul, were fulfilled, we should not see youth in the pursuit of happiness, diverge from the true path, cheated by the illusions of life. We should not see mature age, pursuing, though ever deceived, *a name* that mocks the expectation. We should hear the feeble and bowed down with years, exult in their fulness of happiness derived from God. And, oh ! that Christians, everywhere, would strive to make religion alluring. And may more of Christ be seen in the characters and lives of those who minister of the things of God to immortal creatures.

“I saw some valuable ideas suggested in the Boston Recorder, of last week, respecting prayer among Christians for all institutions of

education. I think it would have a most happy tendency, if prayers were oftener presented in public and private; entreating God to reign in all institutions for the education of youth. Yesterday, in reading the report from the missionaries at Sierra Leone, I experienced heart-felt delight at the affecting recitals of the native Christian negroes. I hope, dear love, that this class of people will always receive a portion of your labors. Shall we not educate some poor little negro for a minister? My heart glows with pleasing anticipation at the idea."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, January 31, 1820.

"The Sunday-school which I superintend, flourishes delightfully. We have about 100 scholars, beside four Scripture classes. I have commenced a cent society among them, for the education of American Indian children. When I proposed it, the children bent with eager attention to listen, and entered into it with an alacrity that exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I confess that I am amply rewarded for all the attention I have ever expended on this interesting object. I wrote a report for them, the week before last, and took care to restrain my imagination, as the *critic* was not here.

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"A short time since, a little book was put into my hand by the Rev. Mr. Engles, entitled 'Force of Truth.' I thought that I would read it superficially. The author's name was not prefixed to it, which did not dispose me favorably to it. But afterward, thinking that we often refuse ourselves a great deal of good, by not endeavoring to realize the direction of God in the minor concerns of life, I determined otherwise, and read it attentively. I find my heart greatly benefited by it, and my understanding directed to the most efficacious means for studying the sacred Scriptures, improving in prayer, and leading a life devoted to God. I have since been informed that the book was written by Scott, the commentator. The little work contains Mr. Scott's conversion and experience, and discovers the fallacy of the human understanding, as a guide in Divine things, and displays to what an awful extent the mind may be fettered with prejudice; and solemnly warns to beware the errors to which the understanding is exposed, as to the primary source of knowledge, necessary to render the present life useful, and the future blessed.

"I have recently read 'Chalmer's Sermons,' and was charmed and delighted with them. In a masterly manner, he refutes the astronomical

objection against the Saviour's visit to this revolted province, and in a lucid and concise manner, shews that the objection expunges one of the noblest attributes of Deity. I am now reading 'Merivale's Devotions,' to assist my improvement in prayer. I am charmed with the copious diffusion of a beautiful Christian spirit exhibited throughout. His views of religion are most alluring.

"I have fervently importuned the giver of every good, that his Spirit and power may abide in you—that you may not forget the responsibility of your profession—that you may press through those objects calculated to seduce the affections from their owner—and through infinite power, *triumphantly* surmount every obstruction that would intimidate you in the prosecution of duty. In the various situations in which you are called to act, may the Lord enable you to remember in whose service you have enlisted, and merge your most exalted desires and views in one *great object*—that of reconciling sinners to Christ, and edifying the whole body of Christ."

She read, or rather studied, under the direction of her friend, many highly important religious books in the course of the next two years,

which are named in her diary, accompanied with observations which exhibit not only great strength of mind, but uncommonly rapid growth in grace. Among these, beside several standard histories and biographies she read :—Stewart on the Mind—Mason on Self Knowledge—Watts' Logic—Burgh's Dignity of Human Nature—Hamilton on Education—Durham and Paley's Natural Theology, &c., and attended several courses of popular scientific lectures. Macknight on the 'Epistles was her constant companion, and afforded her great pleasure. She also read large portions of Ridgley's body of Divinity.

On the 1st of May, 1820, she was married, and immediately removed to Hudson N. Y. where Mr. M. had previously agreed to settle, on completing his Theological studies at Princeton.

As these important events drew nigh, her mind dwelt much on the important change they would produce in her situation and responsibilities, and every letter breathes a spirit of holy aspiration. On one occasion she says :

"I forget not to supplicate God for the abundant shedding forth of his grace, that our souls may be invigorated for extensive usefulness, and a prosperous Christian course. I

have, for several days, been earnestly entreating that we may be assisted to remember our responsibility, for the discharge of our duties in the place whither we are going. Unless we go to expend the noblest energies of our souls in the cause of the Lord Jesus, God forbid that we go at all.

“For the last few days, my experience has been very sweet. I was apprehensive that the desires of my heart were too much toward present things; but I have been assisted to feel a greater indifference to the accession of earthly gratifications, and to act with a stronger reference to death and judgment. I pray that more practical views of religion may be imparted to us both; and that we may adopt, for a rule of our lives, the valuable idea of Henry—that *‘the end of one good work, should be the beginning of another.’* If an unquenchable zeal for the promotion of the Redeemer’s interest exhibit itself in our lives, we shall find many afflictive dispensations averted; and when the Divine power inflicts the chastening of his rod, we shall not find his corrections aggravated by the remonstrances of conscience. We shall escape, too, that painful dissatisfaction which results from having alienated ourselves from our

God, and pursued our own ways, and our own pleasures, rather than his service.

Let's turn from this earth ! for its joys and its treasures
Are fleeting and vain, as the shadows of eve ;
And sparkling and sweet, though the cup of its pleasures,
It sparkles to snare us, it cheers to deceive.
Let's up and be doing ! Boast not of to-morrow,
But give to our Maker each hour as it flies ;
And our last shall remove us, from sin and from sorrow,
To perfect and endless delights in the skies."

The parting from her colored school was a severe trial ; but her mode of taking leave was afterward found to have been greatly blessed. In her diary of that day, she thus writes :

"Sunday, April 30.—This day took leave of the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school. I addressed every class on the importance of improving their time, and seeking the salvation of Christ ; and every teacher I addressed individually, on the responsibility of her situation as teacher of those whom God had committed to her care, by his providence. The teachers wept very much, when I bade them farewell ; and the children, many of them, were much affected. I felt much afflicted in mind, after saying farewell ; but I entreated God to bless what I had said, and cause it to operate on their hearts.

And I was cheered by the prospect of being more useful in a more important situation."

In the city of Hudson she continued to labor for more than six years with distinguished honor to herself, and usefulness to the cause of her Redeemer. A Sunday-school being soon formed in her husband's congregation, the first ever established in that city, she took charge of the female department. She also formed and directed a society for the assistance of young ministers in pursuing an education—a Maternal Society (one of the first in this country)—became an active manager of the Female Bible Society, and in fine took a leading part in every benevolent endeavor which became her sex.

Her correspondence from Hudson was of the same elevated character as heretofore. The following extracts are not superior, either in sentiment or diction, to very many others which might be given. They are inserted in the hope of their proving useful :

To her husband.

"In the commencement of the week I experienced much decrepitude of spiritual affections, but the Lord, who never deserts his children, has brought me from indifference and insensibility, to see how alarming a situation it is to

be estranged from him. Last evening I enjoyed a great devotional elevation, which induced in my soul a rapturous tone of feeling. The repose of sleep lulled their exercise for a time, and this morning my affections are more vigorous; rejoicing and praise bursts from my soul to my deliverer—God. How happy are they who can claim God for their friend! From whom they derive pleasures, which the world knows not how to estimate, and can neither give nor take away. Happy are they who have discovered in what the dignity of human nature consists; who are daily travelling to the skies; and who, in the dreary hour of calamity, rely on the potent arm of God, and lift the song of praise to his watchfulness and unceasing kindness.

“I have experienced much fervor in commending you into the hands of God, entreating that his presence may abide with you, and that whether you address the great congregation, or speak in the private circle, all may perceive and feel that you have been with Jesus, and have learned of him. O that you may be made greatly useful to the cause of Christ, and blessed in your preaching to the conversion of sinners.

“I rejoice to hear that you enjoy the presence of God; and feel great earnestness in pleading that his Spirit’s influences may beam

forth in your conversation, conduct, and preaching—particularly that you may be greatly blessed in enlightening professors as to their duties for the cause of God, and the salvation of sinners. Don't forget to go to see uncle J.; and oh! be faithful to him. God blessed your efforts for me, and may for him."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, Sept. 27, 1824.

"I went to hear Mr. SUMMERFIELD yesterday morning. An hour before the appointed time, I met crowds coming away, and when I approached the academy in Fourth street, I was accosted with, 'If you are going to hear Mr. S. you can't get in.' However, thinking that I might never again have an opportunity of hearing him, I determined *to try*. When I got there, crowds issued from the gate; the doors and windows were thronged. Trusting to my size, whenever a vacancy would occur, by a change of position, I introduced myself, until I got so far forward in the aisle as to get a stand where I could see and hear. I never saw such an assemblage! Mr. S., and two other ministers, made their entrance by a back window. His emotions at the sight of the audience were visibly depicted in his countenance, and seemed to

indicate that he thought himself a poor worm. They seemed to continue, until tears almost flowed. He seemed every thing that a minister of Christ should be. Simplicity characterized the expounding of his text, his language, his manner, and his matter. He was solemn and faithful. His sermon seemed from the heart and to the heart, coming home to every conscience, and every one's business. He displayed no powerful talents. How he ever acquired such an overwhelming popularity I cannot tell, except I solve it by the remark of Garrick, that the reason why ministers did not affect the heart of their audiences more was, because they preached in such a cold and heartless manner, as though they did not believe what they said.

"Yesterday and to-day, I have not enjoyed that delightful state of piety, which I have recently been blessed with. Oh! pray for me. I feel the need of your prayers, and most ardently desire to possess much of the Spirit of Christ. I felt some pleasure in praying for a blessing on your preaching. Precious husband, I realize that 'absence may abate a slight attachment, but adds strength to a sincere one.' My present visit to my native city, the view of its worldliness, its folly, and irreligion, and the want of piety in my relations, causes me to

value my God and my husband more than ever. My home is endeared by absence. I feel it to be a circle that surrounds comforts and virtues *never known* beyond the hallowed limits; and my husband, I never knew how to appreciate until separated from him. I think of my peevish and fretful humors with sadness, and pray to be more conformed to my Master."

To the same.

"Last week I called on my old friend, Dr. J. P. Wilson,* and found him, as usual, delightfully condescending and instructive. At my request he gave me a list of some of the best works on the Evidences of Christianity, which I wished for my brother William.

"Since my visit here, I borrowed Miss Edgeworth's work on Education, to the perusal of which Mr. Durant ascribed so much benefit. It is indeed a masterly production on that subject, though not without its defects. Her object is to impart knowledge at an early period, by making toys the first vehicles to convey it. She presents many valuable ideas and methods; has obviously read and thought much on the subject; displays much acumen and vivacity, and illus-

* Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church.

trates her ideas by facts which have been industriously gleaned ; but I deplore to find her object is merely to produce an accomplished, elegant scholar. The culture of the immortal principle is entirely overlooked. She seems never to have thought that her pupil is destined for an eternal existence.

“The chilliness of the religious atmosphere here, makes me desirous of returning. Those from whom I might expect much Spiritual converse and edification, I find to be mere babes in Christ. Oh that Christians everywhere might be aroused from this lethargy, live consistently with their profession, their hopes, and the demands of the cause upon their services. May *we* be instructed by the teachings of the holy Spirit, strengthened by grace, inflamed by heavenly zeal, and prove lights in the world, fruitful in every good word and work.”

To her parents.

“I intended to have answered your letter, mother, but God has been pleased to smite with severe illness our dear little *Thomas*. Dear parents, you have once had the trial of parting with a child, and can form some idea of what our feelings were at this crisis. We had been looking to God, with prayers and

tears, and anxious hearts, that he would impart his grace and sustain us, however he might cause the event to terminate. Fully confiding in him, we resigned our dear babe to him, desiring that the dispensation might be sanctified to our souls, and prove subservient to his glory. We prayed that he might be spared, if it comported with his good pleasure; and that his grace might be imparted, that we should praise him for the blessing. Our judgments acquiesced in the bereavement; but it was hard, very hard, to bring our affections to such a point as to say, 'not our will but thine be done.' During Friday night his torpid sleep continued, and we were waiting in mournful expectation for the morning. But God, our Father, our best friend, on the morning of Saturday, shone upon us, in answer to prayer. Our dear child awoke from his deep sleep, obviously better, looked up to us, and faintly smiled. He has continued to get better and now we hope he will soon be well.*

"Dear parents, how happy are they who can go to God and tell him their troubles, and

* This son was converted at an early age, and baptized by his father. After graduating at Brown's University, he pursued the full course at Princeton Theological Seminary, and has since continued in the ministry of the gospel.

feel that he will do what is best for them. Oh that our child may be consecrated to his service, and that we may shew our gratitude, by serving him more faithfully.

“My soul has of late, been aroused to uncommon prayerfulness for you, dear parents. The idea that time is rapidly flying, eternity very near, and my beloved parents not possessed, I fear, of that *Scriptural* preparation which only can enable them to see their Maker in peace, drives me to God, with weeping, to pour out the feelings of my soul before him, on your behalf.”

To the same.

“*Hudson, New York.*

“Dear Thomas visibly improves in manners and mind. He can give answers to about fifty important questions. I have been in the habit of teaching him to pray, by dictating to him a prayer, (varying the thoughts and language at each time,) which he repeats after me sentence by sentence, that he may know at an early period of life, what are the proper topics which should constitute prayer. But he has got now so that he can compose his own prayer. I will give you a specimen. On Sunday evening I had him kneel by me, and dictated to him the

first sentence, 'Oh Lord, many little children are dying with the whooping cough,' and was going to impress on his mind his own liability, but when he had repeated it, he immediately went on, 'but don't let me die; let me grow up into a big boy, to be a man to serve thee. Oh make me a good boy, and don't let me be naughty and go to hell. Make me love the Lord Jesus: amen.' When I laid down beside him, to talk with him, he said to me, 'Ma, to-day when I was in the wood-house alone, I prayed.' 'Did you,' said I, 'what did you pray?' He said I prayed, 'Oh Lord make me a good boy, and don't let me be a bad boy; make me grow up to be a wise man to serve thee: amen.' He asked me a great many questions, and expressed thoughts so much above his years, that I felt unpleasant. It is to me inexpressibly blissful to see the germ of piety thus early developing itself."

Among Mrs. M's special objects of regard, were young persons and children. This was shown, not merely in the Sunday-school, in aiding the education of children at mission stations, &c, but particularly in the Maternal Society. Her soul went out in desires to excite parents *to pray for their children*. She not only was the means of forming many of these

societies, but of leading them on to such a degree of engagedness, as secures at once their permanence and their utility. That at Hudson, which was the first she succeeded in establishing, has never faltered in its good way, but remains an inestimable blessing to that city. The following extract is from a long and most kind letter of condolence from that society to their late pastor, after Mrs. M's decease :

“ We, who were personally acquainted with our dear sister Malcom, and for years witnessed her faithful and unwearied exertions in the cause of her divine Redeemer, and who even now enjoy the blessed results of her labors, her prayers, and her example, surely *we know* her value, and have reason to mingle our tears with yours, and mourn the loss of one so dear to us all, and who was the means, in the hand of God, of exciting us to the duty of uniting our prayers and supplications in behalf of our children, which have been abundantly answered in the conversion of *thirty-eight* of those dear children within the space of seven years. More than thirty of them have united with Baptist churches—nine of these are in one family. And seldom do we meet together without remembering her who first met with us on these interesting occasions, and who is now enjoying

‘rest from her labors,’ and has already received the welcome plaudit, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’”

On her husband assuming, in May, 1826, the first general agency of the American Sunday-school Union, at that time just formed, her residence was again transferred to Philadelphia. Here, among other benevolent undertakings, she resumed her favorite employment—the care of a Sabbath-school. The elegant hall used by Mr. Rand as a writing academy, in Seventh street, below Chestnut, having been granted her for the purpose by that gentleman, she soon drew around her teachers and scholars of an elevated grade in society; and during her stay in that city, was eminently blessed in the results of the school.

The following are specimens from her letters:

To her husband.

“*Philadelphia, Nov., 1826.*

“I shall not delay writing this time; your business requires so much of your time and efforts, that it would be ungenerous in me to require you to write first, or much. After you bade good-bye, I felt very sad for a little while. Your various little acts, previous to your departure, to secure my comfort during your

absence, affected me. But the thought that the mutual endurance of privation of the enjoyment of each other's society, was for him to whom we have given ourselves, assuaged my regrets. 'If we suffer for him, we shall also reign with him.' If we endure privations now we shall enjoy and rejoice hereafter.

"This thought often brings a tear to my eye—that while I am enjoying my fire-side, and quiet, and books, you are among strangers, without these calm pleasures. Then the thought presents itself—this is the dispensation of him who does all things well. If infinite wisdom appoints it, infinite wisdom also intends to accomplish something by it. Oh, then, let us incline our hearts to learn the lesson Divine wisdom would inculcate. I have commenced reading Clarkson's History of the Rise, Progress, and Abolition of the Slave Trade. I am deeply interested. How I venerate the character of Granville Sharp! What a powerful and efficient friend the Africans had in him. How I rejoice that we gave the good and great man's name to our dear angel, which now dwells before the throne of God. Oh that you may have grace and talents to be as decidedly the friend of youth as he was of Africans, and that the generations of future times may have much

cause to pour their gratitude and blessings on your name, and hallow your memory in affectionate hearts."

To the same.

" Philadelphia, Nov., 1826.

"I trust the Lord is with you, directing you by his spirit, counselling you by his wisdom, encompassing you by his favor, and causing you to see that he honors you, by making you instrumental in promoting and establishing his own precious cause. Truly it is an honor to co-operate with the Lord Jesus in executing those designs of mercy to a ruined world which were devised in the councils of eternity. Oh that our understandings may be so enlightened, that we may be enabled rightly to estimate the preciousness of this cause, and have our affections so devoted to it, that we shall consider no toil or self-denial too great. I do feel an intense anxiety to be entirely the Lord's; and feel my happiness so identified with the progress and prosperity of his cause, that I cannot feel happy to be so inactive as I at present am. But, until doors of usefulness are opened to me in the Providence of God, I hope I may have grace to seek the sanctification of all my powers, and the cultivation of all my graces "

To the same.

“December, 1826.

“Dr. Staughton is in the city, begging for Columbian College. He has called on me twice, and was anxious for your return, that you might accompany him. He has preached twice in Bank street; and last Sunday evening, in Sansom street, from the words, ‘If thou knowest the gift of God, and who is it that saith to thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.’ The vast house was very crowded, and the Dr. deeply affected. The commencement of the discourse was not remarkable; but soon he burst forth with a power of eloquence, a fervor, a solemnity, that kept the thousands of his hearers in rapt attention. I felt the force of the apostle’s expression, for it describes my condition at the time ‘whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.’ No sermon could be more calculated to do good. It seemed as if he must not only produce the effect that Paul did on Felix, but more. I thought that under such a sermon every unconverted soul must *resolve* to be a Christian.

“On Wednesday, he preached from the words ‘It is my meat to do thy will,’ &c. The house was not crowded merely, but *crammed*. The prayer transcended any that I ever before heard,

How I wished that a stenographer had been there to take it down.

"The text seemed to describe his own feelings, and from the heart he preached. Such a scene of general weeping, I have never seen. The Dr. himself stopped several times to wipe away his own tears."

To the same.

"I feel gratified that you are successful; yes, more than gratified—I am deeply grateful to Him from whom all success emanates. Surely there is a charm in life, when we see the pleasure of the Lord prospering through our instrumentality. I have with frequency been drawn to a throne of grace on your account, and have enjoyed a peculiar nearness of access to our Father, and been able with unusual *fervor* and *confidence*, to plead that you might have wisdom, zeal, and energy, commensurate with the importance of your mission. Indeed, I know not whether I am of any use at present, save to employ the means for procuring a Divine blessing on yourself and others who are actively engaged in the *great cause*. Chalmers, in one of his sermons, imputes the eminence and usefulness of piety and talent which sometimes are so conspicuous in promoting and establishing the Divine cause,

to the prayers of those who, in secret and obscurity, plead for the accompaniment of the Divine blessing on the use of means. I have often thought, when on my tours for the Bible Society, that if I could but secure the prayers of one who loved the cause, though they were poor and of little esteem, I did more for the promotion of my object than from gathering the money of the thoughtless rich.

“After you left, I knelt before our Father, and, in the exercise of faith and prayer, was enabled copiously to pour out my feelings before him, that you may be encompassed by his Divine protection; that your way might be opened before you by his holy providence, and that in all your journeyings, the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, might attend you. As to your appearance before Congress, on behalf of the Society, I have prayed the Lord to afford you the assistance furnished to his ancient people; that he would put forth his hand and touch your mouth, and say to you, ‘behold, I have put my words in thy mouth.’”

To the same.

“Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Poughkeepsie, desired me to present his affectionate regards to you when I wrote. I told him he must remember

you and your agency in his Sabbath-school Concert prayer meeting ; for I believed if the people of God only prayed for you, your exertions would be successful. Indeed, however discouraging the aspect of things may be at times, I do believe that the cause you have embarked in must ultimately prove triumphant. It has received so many distinguished pledges of the Divine favor, that I hope you will allow your heart to be cheered by the recollection of them, rather than indulge discouragement for a moment on account of passing inauspicious circumstances. When you shall have ceased to be an actor on life's scene, I verily believe that many will 'rise up to call you blessed,' for the services rendered and good effected in the blessed cause of Sunday-schools. Let us wait upon the Lord and be of good cheer, and in due time we shall rejoice to see the work blessed of him, through your instrumentality. Indeed, the belief that you are engaged in a great work, makes me resigned to the privations and self-denial we endure, that you may prosecute it ; and nothing but *decided* evidences that God called to another sphere, would make me willing to relinquish it. What if we, by an exchange, procured present ease and happiness, and gratified our heart's desires ? If we abandoned *duty*

to gain these, I feel assured that God would send something to corrode, as he prepared a worm to destroy, Jonah's gourd.

"May the Lord abundantly bless you, by the manifestation of his Spirit to your soul, and guide you by its blessed and unerring influence, and cause you to be eminently useful in contributing to the stability of his church, and its preservation from error, by what you are doing for the youth. May he cause all to love you, because they see in you the genuine child of God, who makes it his meat and drink to do the will of his Father. And wherever you go, may you have a savor of piety that shall be long felt. This is the constant prayer of her who cherishes an ardent affection for you, and subscribes herself yours in an eternal union."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, June 25, 1827.

"I feel the objects of your mission to be of vast magnitude, and deeply and permanently connected with the Redeemer's kingdom. My sympathy for you, amid your toils and discouragements, excites me to a daily and earnest pleading that Omnipotence may operate through your instrumentality, that your soul may be cheered and your labor sweet, because you

Father's hand co-operates with you, to produce splendid and powerful results.

"Indeed, dear husband, when I think of your desertion of home, your self-denials, and other concomitant unpleasantnesses, for the promotion of good, a sadness and tenderness comes over my heart, and my affections cling to you with a closeness and sacredness, which seems more like the hallowed affection that pertains to a state of blessedness, than that which is felt by a poor mortal for its fellow. When we were together, I felt as if you and my child constituted the great ties to the world; now it seems as if these ties were in a great measure loosened. I look on the scene around me as a transient pageant, and can scarcely feel that my happiness is dependent on any of its objects. I seem to be on the verge of eternity, and to live in the light of it."

To the same.

"Philadelphia, July 23, 1827.

"Yours of the 16th from Newburyport, was received this morning. My last to you was directed to Waterville, Maine. I am delighted to learn, from various sources, that your labors are attended with such great success. Your description of your preaching in the huge church

at N., under the pulpit of which repose the bones of Whitefield, and your subsequent inspection of his remains, interested me exceedingly. I too should have loved to handle his bones, and been almost superstitious enough to believe that virtue would be imparted.

“ You mention in your last letter the improbability of your accomplishing your business for the Sunday-school Union previous to the 1st of September. By no means neglect any thing in order to be with me at that time. I feel an entire confidence that I shall be in the hands of a good and wise God, who will direct every thing concerning me ; and this confidence fortifies my mind against unpleasant anticipations. As to the issues of my approaching sickness, whether recovery to health, or liberation from this world, I have a very sweet state of feeling—a happiness to have the will of God done. I frequently feel the anticipations of heaven to be the dawn of it in my soul. To be disencumbered of a body in which disease must be endured, and temptations contended against, and which is a shackle to the soul ; to attain freedom of spirit ; to move with as much celerity as we can now think ; to find ourselves in the company of those who are immaculate, whose every act is dictated by love ; to be exempt both from sin and sorrow

forever; to observe eternally the unfolding glories of God, and find ourselves continually becoming assimilated to him; to study the operations of his providence as they have advanced from the commencement of time, and particularly as they concerned us; to love him without alloy, and serve him without imperfection; to be ever making new discoveries in the plan of redemption; all this, and infinitely more, will indeed be a 'weight of glory' that will make us wonder that the expectation of it did not more buoy us up under the puny sorrows and trials of this vale of tears. O what manner of persons should *we* be who cherish such expectations!

"May the Lord bless you in your going out and coming in, in your lying down and rising up, in your private meditations and public ministrations, in your retired moments and social intercourse—is the prayer of her who cherishes for you an affection that will mingle with the last lingerings of vitality—the prayer of her who owes her conversion to God to your instrumentality, and who hopes to constitute one of the gems in your crown of rejoicing."

To the same.

“ Philadelphia, July 11, 1827.

‘ Dear husband—

“ I received your last from Boston, by which I am happy to learn that you are well, and proceeding pleasantly in your labors. Indeed, I wish to be grateful that there are any symptoms of success and good accomplished. How many of the dear servants of God have toiled on with their mighty work, under accumulated and heart-sickening discouragements, and during their lives, saw scarcely any of the precious results of their labors ! Such was Scott. It certainly does sweeten toil to see something now ; but I think the most valuable fruits will grow out of your exertions when you shall be one of the great congregation of the dead. You are merely introducing the leaven. My life is now, I believe, almost useless. I try to do something to form the minds of Mary and Thomas, and try to pray for you. This is pretty much all that I do.

“ I sometimes, dear love, when I think of the weight and responsibilities of your duties, almost sicken at heart. I know you have energy, unwearied diligence, and rely on the arm of strength with prayerful heart ; but I often fear that through some little negligence, some

little want of discretion in conversation, your reputation may be sullied. Pray be careful not to talk much of self, or of the various characters with whom you become acquainted. Truly we both need to live very near to God in prayer. Alas ! I feel I am dreadfully deficient.

“ May the Lord abundantly bless you by the manifestation of his Spirit to your soul, guide you by unerring and blessed influence, and cause you to be eminently useful in contributing to the stability of his church, and its preservation from error, by what you are doing for the youth. May he cause all to love you, because they see in you the genuine child of God, who makes it his meat and drink to do the will of his Master ; and wherever you go, may you leave a savor of piety that shall be long felt, is the prayer of

“ Yours, in an eternal union.”

In August, 1827, it began to be apparent that it was her husband's duty to settle in Boston, over the Federal Street Church, then about to be formed. She viewed this change with her accustomed reference to eternity, and religiously committed herself and the event to God. The following are extracts from letters written at this time :

“As to the Boston New Church, there must be many and satisfactory evidences in the providence of the Most High, to assure us that his voice directs. Your present employment, though replete with self-denial and toil, and though a weight of responsibility is incumbent upon you, which frequently makes me feel sad on your account, and urges me to plead that grace may abundantly sustain you, is yet an employment from which must issue blessed results to the church of Christ, which shall be as enduring as time, and develope themselves throughout eternity. I should wish that there might be fasting and prayer among the people, that God would provide them a pastor, and their hearts be directed as the heart of one, if you are the man. The first pastor of a new church, more than any succeeding one, gives the tone of piety, and forms the character of the church, which is transmitted to distant generations.

“I should be exceedingly pleased to live and die in Philadelphia. If Boston is to be our residence, it will undoubtedly be a great self-denial. It has not a single attraction for me; and I shrink at the thought of rigorous winters. But though such a preference is irrepressible, my mind is solaced with the conviction that a prosecution of duty, and the favor and presence

of God, constitute happiness. I hope you will be very deliberate in your decision, and not be led to it by scanty evidences of duty."

After Mr. M. had concluded to accept the pastorship in Federal Street,* she says :

"Respecting Boston, and your decision, I have only to say, that I believe you have made use of every means in your power to discover duty, and I would act in accordance with its dictates. The God of providence has various ways in which he can make amends for the sacrifices and self-denials it will cost; and I can readily trust him to furnish the requisite qualifications for usefulness, in a sphere of his own appointment. It will be a severe shock to poor papa. Oh that God would in mercy draw him to seek supreme happiness in himself!"

Her field was now wide, and her strong mental powers, superior education, and obvious desire to be useful, soon brought her into conspicuous and important stations. In all these she *labored*. It was her principle to hold no office in which she could not bestow some reasonable share of attention. Many proposals

* This meeting-house has since been taken down for the erection of warehouses, and a new one built on Rowe street, and the church now bears that name.

of this sort were therefore declined, particularly those which had no special reference to children. Prudent and saving in all the small affairs of her family, she never postponed or passed by any duties in these offices because it involved hack-hire, or any other expense. With all her feebleness of health, therefore, she accomplished an amount of labor which many of more vigorous habits would have deemed impossible.

On her first arrival, she took charge of the female department of the Sunday-school, and continued there till her journey to Europe, in 1831, after which her circumstances, and those of the family, forbade its resumption. Weather alone never detained her from her post, and no impediments diminished her resolution. Anxious to make it a model school, she obtained the best plans for the structure and arrangement of benches, &c., and had a large room in the basement story of the meeting-house fitted up with every attainable advantage. As the congregation was in its infancy, with numerous and very heavy expenses, she formed a *Sewing Circle*, which earned in a year or two nearly six hundred dollars, and defrayed the expense of these improvements.

The *salvation* of the scholars, was ever the

point toward which she bent her energies and hopes. Every arrangement had regard to this. It was her rule that the teachers should be all hopefully pious, or evidently awakened. Occasionally, through necessity, there were exceptions, but all of these ultimately became members of the church. A large number of the scholars have become "followers of God as dear children."

At the formation, of the Infant School Society of the city of Boston, she was chosen a manager, and so extensive and acceptable were her efforts and abilities in this enterprise, that on the resignation of the First Directress, she was chosen to that office, and continued with increased ardor to preside over this benevolent work till her death. She visited the scholars at their homes—often attended the schools—furnished apparel in proper cases to the destitute—welcomed to her home such as came to the city to be qualified as instructors—and continued to possess the undivided confidence of the various denominations who composed the society.

These various engagements, together with domestic cares, did not prevent her from taking time for correspondence, and endeavoring by this means also to do good. Numerous specimens might be given. The following are in no

respect superior to many others in the compiler's possession :

To Mrs. N.

"We have for some time been wishing for an opportunity to send some articles to you, and are pleased that this presents itself.

"I have the mournful intelligence to communicate, that Mrs. Sewel is no more. She died in giving birth to an infant, about four weeks ago. This, and the other similar instances that are frequently coming under our observation, teach the necessity of being prepared for our great change. Our existence here is but for a little while ; we 'know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh.' Can you, dear aunt, imagine any situation more dismaying than to be brought to a death-bed, and be obliged vainly, lamenting our omissions of duty there, to be thrown into confusion of soul, expecting every moment to be plunged into the region of despair. Praised be the Giver of life, we have yet our existence granted ! Let us endeavor to improve it, and seek conformity to the holy nature of God, that when we are called to leave this world of sin, care, and affliction, we may be enabled to rejoice that we have made the one thing needful the study of our lives.

“Let us not deceive ourselves. Our eternal state depends on the manner in which we spend our present life. It becomes us solemnly to examine ourselves, and to ascertain our situation in reference to the Lord Jesus. As accountable creatures it becomes us, before the day of life be expended, to ‘put on the armor of light’ and with all diligence to ‘make our calling and election sure.’ Shall we confine our pursuits and views to this ignoble state of being? Shall we neglect the improvement of the talents with which we are intrusted, and when, in a little while, we are called upon to give an account of them to our great Master, reply, that we buried them in the earth? Let us remember that we are invited to drink of the ‘waters of life freely;’ and let us not, by our rejection, aggravate our eternal state by the recollection that we once possessed abundantly the means of securing a happy eternity. May your husband be your partner in the pursuit of eternal blessedness. May your children’s minds receive a religious bias, that when they shall surrender up their souls in death, they may bless you for your pious care. You do not answer my letters—perhaps the subject is gloomy. If so, forgive me for so earnestly pressing it on you. I know the value of my soul, and desire that every one

else should be made sensible of the worth of theirs. You and I will soon appear at the great tribunal; may it not be to receive condemnation, but to sing the song of rejoicing and triumph. Desiring my love to uncle and my cousins, and presenting my mother's affectionate remembrances to you all, I leave my letter to your serious, solemn consideration. May it not be in vain. For 'what shall it profit if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls.'"

To Miss B.

"How delightful is the contending of the elements to the mind strung to contemplation! How limited the pleasure of those persons whose sympathies are so in unison with weather that they exhibit themselves animated barometers, by displaying serenity or oppression according to the state of the atmosphere! Yesterday was quite boisterous, and though I do not enjoy nature *most* in wrath, yet I experienced an elevation and excitement of mind which produced pleasure equivalent, though dissimilar to that derived from the cheering aspect of May.

"As the weather precluded walking, my mind retired within itself, and resorted to memory's treasured store. The hours irradiated by affection, which have eternally fled, but still remain

indelible in memory's record, inspired the pleasing anticipation of enjoying a renewal of intercourse, when I shall with delight address you by the appellation of sister in Christ. It will be so. I have seldom engaged in prayer without making this a petition.

"Let us not amuse ourselves with forming theories, and deferring the practice of them; but let us promptly execute them. We must live near to God ourselves, if we wish others to profit by our endeavors. We can not only implant the rudiments of education in the ductile mind of youth, but instill the principles of religion; and we must endeavor to insinuate ourselves into the affections of those we instruct, if we expect much profit to result to them. Our friend H. used to say, 'we must possess the heart if we would improve the head.' We will aim at improving both. Life possesses no charm sufficient to induce in me the wish to live, except that of living to my Redeemer's glory.

"I hope my endeavors to inspire a love for religion in our family have been blessed. Oh! that they would grasp the hope of life eternal, set before them in Christ Jesus, from which 'neither angels, powers, principalities, things present, things to come, life, death, nor any other creature will be able to separate us.'"

In 1831, Mr. M., who had for many months suffered exceedingly in his eyes, grew so feeble that a voyage to Europe was determined on. In view of it, the following was written to his mother :

" Boston, March 14, 1831.

" Dear Mrs. Holbrook—

" We feel deeply indebted to you for your anxiety respecting us. I appreciate the liberality of Captain Cobb, in offering Mr. M. a free passage to Liverpool. H. wishes you to tender him his most grateful acknowledgments ; but at present, he hopes that a tour in our own country, for a benevolent society, would be equally beneficial, and give him a specific object to bend his energies upon. A tour to Europe would take more time, and he is not able to bear the expense.

" Dr. Fisher, our physician, has told several families of the congregation that unless he goes a journey they will lose him. He has resigned his salary for the time he may be absent. This is certain, he must cut off all future usefulness, and leave his family in want, unless he adopts timely means of recovery. Our prospect, at present, is shrouded in darkness ; and often my heart is overwhelmed. But then I view all the

way the Lord has led us, and see how often clouds which lowered portentously over our heads have passed away, and left our sky luminous with displays of Divine goodness. There is, even now, *much, very much*, mercy in our afflictive circumstances. The congregation is so large that it is always difficult to get a seat. Eight were baptized last month, and eight more propounded. My husband's preaching, though done in great weakness and bodily infirmity, is eminently blessed of God. During the three and a half years of his pastorate here, over three hundred have been added to the church; and nearly a hundred names are on his book now, as anxious about their soul's welfare."

She accompanied her husband to Europe, and was abroad seven months, visiting England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. Beside writing many letters to friends at home, she kept a full diary, and acted as amanuensis for her husband. Both her diary and letters contain many valuable remarks on men, scenery, buildings, institutions, &c., and especially the degradation of papal superstition, and the clerical infidelity

of Lutheran Germany. To use these materials largely would too much swell this memoir.

The following, written on the steamboat between Providence and New York, to her son Thomas, then ten years old, is a specimen of the tone of all her correspondence with her children, even amid the disadvantages of travelling and sickness :

"Steamboat Chancellor, April 12, 1831.

"My very dear son—

"While I have some leisure, I avail myself of it to write you, and shall add from time to time as I may have opportunity, and as circumstances may suggest, topics to interest you.

"You can little imagine, my dear boy, what my varied emotions were as we drove away, thinking that perhaps I might never see you again, till I meet you at the bar of God. But I seek composure under every unpleasant or sorrowful feeling on account of our separation from you, by commending you, almost whenever the recollection of you comes before my mind, to Him who is able to keep you from all evil.

"Your dear father's eyes continue to be very painful, but his appetite is somewhat better, which I know it will give you pleasure to learn. Your dear little sister took cold in the stage-coach, which assumed the symptoms of croup

by the time we arrived at Providence. I applied a cloth, dipped in spirits of turpentine, round her neck, with good effect ; but we called a physician, who prescribed an emetic, soaking the feet, and mustard poultices ; and we had the satisfaction to see the best results. Your dear father read your letter* after I left our parlor, at the hotel, and as our bed-room was adjoining, I heard him weeping, and it was, my dear boy, because he was affected at this testimony of your filial love. For his dear Thomas and Louisa he lifted up his heart to God in prayer, with tears.

“ Dr. Wayland spent part of the evening with us at the hotel in Providence. We have made the acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Lawrence, of Boston, who is to be a fellow passenger with us to Liverpool, and find him very intelligent and agreeable.

“ Rev. Mr. Choules, of Newport, is going with us to New York. Gibbs, the great pirate, who has recently been convicted, has sent for him ; you remember reading about this man, some time ago. He murdered a captain and all the crew except his accomplices, taking the

* A letter put in his father's hands after taking his seat in the coach, in which the little boy inclosed all his savings ; amounting to less than two dollars, as a contribution toward the expense of the journey.

specie on board, to the amount of many thousand dollars, and set fire to the ship. Before they reached the shore in the small boat it was like to sink, and they threw overboard twenty-five thousand dollars, and on getting ashore, buried the remainder in the sand. His accomplices turned evidence against him. Oh, my dear boy, is it not a dreadful thing not to have the fear of God in the heart, to restrain us from sin? This man was once a little boy, and *then* he did not strive to please God, but went from little sins to greater, until he acquired his present dreadful stature in wickedness.

“Oh be careful, my son, to/ cherish good thoughts and resist bad ones; for from thoughts spring words and actions. Remember! God reads your thoughts, as well as watches your actions, and hears your words; and declares in the Bible, that for all these, we shall give account in the day of judgment. Take a high stand at school, for nothing will gratify us so much while abroad, as to hear that our Thomas stands high for deportment, and recitations.

“We have a huge package of introductory letters to distinguished persons in Europe. Some are from Rev. Dr. Milnor, of New York, your father's cousin, and from Divie Bethune, Gover-

nor Lincoln, &c., and one from James Madison to Lafayette. We sail to-morrow at ten o'clock. I am the only female passenger, and in consequence, we have the best state-room. When you get a letter written, hand it to our dear Deacon Lincoln, and he will send it to us."

Everywhere she made it her business to visit and inspect infant schools, not merely from inclination, but as a duty connected with her station in the Boston Infant School Society. That at Geneva she considered superior to any she had seen in England or Scotland, so far as regarded liberal, wise, and extensive *arrangements* for the pupils. As it was not in session at the time of her visit, she could not witness its operations. Every important school was visited, and all such tracts, &c. purchased as tended to qualify her to impart the highest degree of life and energy into the schools of her society at home. Little did she think, while devoting herself to these objects, that her Master was about so soon to elevate her to another sphere!

"*London, June 25th, 1831.*

"My dear Mrs. Holbrook—

"I promised to write you before leaving London, and should have done so sooner, but

have had a great deal of writing to do for Mr. M., which has occupied my time.

“Sir Astley Cooper, and Dr. Tyrrell, the great oculist, gave their opinions on my husband’s care and treatment yesterday. It is rather discouraging, and I feel much despondency, which I endeavor to dissipate by reviewing all the way our God has led us; and marking his deliverances when all was overcast with portentous gloom. How my soul clings to him and his promises, able to say from experience, thus far hath he done all things well. My husband is told that a resumption of his official duties at present is out of the question; that he must not return for six months *at least*; that he ought to visit the wine regions of France and Italy, and live nutritiously, &c. We are at a loss. Traveling, even in our own plain way, costs us ten dollars a day, and will amount to that till our return.

“We have seen the King and royal family, and many of the lord’s foreign ministers and bishops. It was like the descriptions of Eastern magnificence.

“Mr. M. would gladly write if he were able. His eyes are not so constantly painful, but the pain at times is as severe as ever.”

To Mrs. Heman Lincoln.

"London, August 16, 1831.

"Dear friend—

"We arrived here day before yesterday from Rotterdam, and found letters from Deacon Lincoln and others, and especially that from the young people of the church jointly. We also heard from Deacon S., in Paris.

"We are exceedingly glad to hear that the great out-pouring of the Spirit of God upon our congregation, which made husband so loth to leave it, has not abated. May the many who have so recently professed the name of Christ, adorn his cause, and find their path shine more and more, until the perfect day.

"Mr. M.'s health has *greatly* improved; but he can only read or write a few moments at a time, and fatigue, anxiety, or excitement of any kind, brings on pain. He will be obliged still to employ an amanuensis.

"I shall be pleased, if spared to return, to retrace my tour with you in conversation, where we can have at least some of the pleasures of travelling without its many vexations. What a delightful faculty of mind is that which, notwithstanding the lapse of time, and intervention of distance, can bring all past experience to add to the charms of the present hour!

"We have seen many important towns, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Chester, &c.; passed over to the Isle of Wight, stood at the grave and in the cottage of 'the dairyman's daughter,' and the parsonage of Leigh Richmond. From Portsmouth we crossed the Channel to Havre; thence to Rouen, Paris, Versailles, &c. Away south, over the Jura mountains, into Switzerland, and thence, by way of Mount Cenis, into Italy; and thence over the Alps in another place, (the Simplon,) up through various cantons of Switzerland, to Basle, and Schaffhausen. Passing through many famous cities in Germany and Prussia, such as Magdeburg, Cologne, &c., we reached Rotterdam, making that place our headquarters, while we sallied about to Hague, Leyden, &c., &c., greatly admiring the Dutch.

"The scenery on the Rhine, the whole length of which we traversed, was replete with vestiges of Feudal times. Ruined castles, on craggy summits, were constantly in sight.

"To-morrow we set out by stage-coach, for Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, taking Cambridge, Oxford, York, Durham, &c., on the way.

"We have seen immense cities, most of them strongly fortified, with walls, ditches, gates, towers, and have visited their palaces, bridges,

castles, convents, gardens, hospitals, schools, asylums. Everywhere our eyes were saluted by bodies of soldiers, with the splendors of wealth, and the most revolting poverty and wretchedness.

“By the middle of October, we hope to embark for home again—may all our information and renovation redound to our future increase of usefulness!”

At Liverpool, many hospitable attentions were received from Mr. Hope, the eminent banker of that place, and his lady, both worthy communicants in one of the Baptist churches of that city. How watchful Mrs. M. was to do good may be inferred from the following letter received a year afterward :

“*New York, June 11th, 1832.*”

“Madam—

“I beg leave to tender the salutation of Christian love, which our excellent friend Mr. Samuel Hope, of Liverpool, desired me to offer to yourself and Mr. Malcom.

“I should have written to Mr. Malcom, had I not wished to tell you of the watchful care of God toward a little seed you strewed in England. It has added further sweet evidence

to a truth I have often loved to contemplate, 'cast thy bread upon the waters, and *thou* shalt *find* it after many days,' and it has told me too, to follow that simple message of Divine wisdom, 'in the morning sow thy seed; in the evening withhold not,' &c. We who profess to love Jerusalem above our chief joy, are too apt to wait for what we call openings of 'Providence' to cast in our good seed of the Kingdom.

I will simply tell you of the effects which are likely to follow a few remarks you made to Mrs. Hope, and which you may possibly remember. They related to *maternal associations*, those hallowed institutions around which *mothers* cluster for mutual prayer—for mutual sympathy, for mutual counsel. Mrs. Hope remembered your conversation, and asked me about them. I was led to see if some plan could not be adopted to spread them before the *whole band* of Christian mothers in Great Britain.

I have, in consequence, laid the subject before the Maternal Association of Utica, which is one of the most efficient and able in our land. They had a meeting last Wednesday, which I attended, and they resolved to commence a thorough work of correspondence with British mothers, and take measures for having such *associations* established in England. When I

receive the circulars and documents, which are being prepared for England, I will send you some.

"I am sure that in addition to your general interest in evangelical efforts, you will be *peculiarly* affected in the future history of this effort, as it grew out of the little seed you had perhaps forgotten. Very respectfully,

"J. T. MARSHALL."

After her return to the United States, there occurred no material change in her life or character. She did not resume her diary. Her letters continue to breathe the same spirit of exalted piety. The following shows how constantly she regarded the true intent of life, even in "minor troubles :"

To her husband.

"I hope that all these minor troubles may be, under the Divine blessing, subservient to bringing you into nearer and more sacred intercourse with the Father of our spirits. I have often thought that God has blessed purposes to accomplish by means of the afflictive dispensations which are appointed to his servants. There is so much of living in public, where they are encompassed by such an atmosphere of excitement ; so few auspicious opportunities for calm

mediation and prayer ; that it seems indispensably necessary they should sometimes be laid aside from their labors, that their own hearts may be cultivated, their graces perfected, and the whole spirit become more meet for the kingdom of heaven. After all that is said about talents and education, it is most important for utility in the world, that there should be heavenly-mindedness, and exemplification of the Christian character ; and these are to be produced in part by afflictive dispensations. The Lord abundantly sanctify yours to you, and cause them to produce in your heart and life the blessed fruits of righteousness. May you be enabled to feel what is expressed by Mr. Ryland in the following lines :

‘ Though often my mind is dejected,
Yet will I not dare to repine ;
My trials I know are selected
By wisdom and goodness divine.

‘ My Father’s severest correction
Shall work in the end for my good ;
Nor ought I to doubt his affection,
Though all be not yet understood,

‘ Whatever to him brings me nearer,—
From earth and from sin weans my heart—
Makes Christ and his Spirit still dearer,—
I ought to receive in good part.’”

She continued to manifest in all letters to relations the most ardent desire for their spiritual good. The following is a specimen of the intrepidity, combined with meekness, which marked her discharge of this duty :

To her Father

“ *February 8, 1832.*

“ I did not know that your neighbor Z. Collins* was dead, until I received your last letter. I was surprised, and made to feel, dear father, an unusual concern for you. O how often have I lifted up the voice of entreaty to you, to be Scripturally prepared for your summons. It may not be distant. I look over what was once our neighborhood in Philadelphia, and see the vacancies made by the death of Walker, Barnhill, Dilworth, Reed, Henley, Worrel, Stuart, Collins, &c., and find but here and there one who was of their age and company. I tremble when I think that the next time the shaft falls, it may be upon my father ! I conjure you to take the Bible for your counsellor and guide. Pray much and earnestly. I cannot bear to have left me, when you are

* Vice President of the American Philosophical Society, and a relative of Mr. M.

called away, a legacy of doubt and bitterness of soul respecting your eternal destiny. I desire that when that most solemn hour shall come, it may be as regards you, full of hope, assurance—yea, triumph—and that the blessed solace may be mine, that you have entered into ‘the rest that remaineth for the people of God.’ I should be happy to allure you onward in the path to the skies, by presenting, in my example, that which is irresistibly lovely in its influence. But alas! I feel that in me there dwelleth no good thing. I can only say, father—come with me, and wash in that fountain, ever open to sinners, where sins of crimson dye shall be washed utterly away. The Lord enable you, dear father, to lay these things prayerfully to heart.”

To Mrs. D. H. Holbrook.

“ Boston, March 6, 1832.

* * * * “ Our children are all well. Thomas is a great comfort to us; and I feel abundantly paid in him for all my cares. Charles is a noble fellow, with one of the sweetest dispositions in the world. Mr. M.’s health and eyes are not so well. The state of the congregation requires his incessant exertion. There are a hundred and twenty inquirers. Ten persons

were received yesterday for baptism, and seventeen more stand propounded. The congregation is literally *packed*, even in inclement weather. There are applications for twelve pews, and nearly a hundred single sittings, which cannot be supplied. The Spirit of the most High is in our midst; and the members of the church evidently grow in the Divine life. I want you should come, and get under the blessed influence."

In the latter part of 1832, as she approached a confinement, a cough attended her for many weeks, with an extraordinary sense of pressure on the lungs, which afterward proved to be the effect of dropsy. At that time, no such suspicions were entertained; and it was hoped that the birth of the child would remove every uncomfortable symptom. The reverse proved true. Her weakness immediately increased. A consultation of physicians pronounced her case dangerous. Another, soon after, declared it hopeless. The solemn fact, was immediately communicated to her. She evidently received it as "glad tidings of great joy." She had previously said little during her illness; but now, as though refreshed and excited, she entered largely into her feelings and desires. "Oh!" said she, "how sweet is the reflection,

that when I was young, and all the world radiant before me, I gave myself to Christ." "I have no fears of death." Many days elapsed after this, during which she often testified her strong confidence in Christ. "This is not the way I expected to die," she once remarked, as she looked on her hand, enormously swollen, "but I am content ; and as to going *now*, I suppose I should never find a better time."

On several occasions, she remarked, "I have no tie !" "I have no tie !" She was accustomed to speak of pain as her chief terror in the anticipation of death. Her frequent prayer was. "May the Lord lay his hand gently on me : I am not afraid of death, but greatly dread suffering." A merciful God excused her from enduring what she had so dreaded. She scarcely knew pain in all the last three or four weeks of her life. This was the more obviously an answer to her prayer, inasmuch as her disease is ordinarily very distressing. She sent a solemn message to her beloved father, and gave directions as to many minor matters to be attended to after her death ; was exceedingly patient and grateful for attentions ; tried to be useful to those about her ; and never alluded to her approaching dissolution but in terms of happy confidence. She several times said "By grace ye are saved,

through faith, and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God." Frequently calling herself a " poor sinner," she would speak of the wondrous love and perfect righteousness of Christ, and the confidence she cherished in his imputed righteousness, and saying " I have not a doubt or a fear ; O why do we not more perfectly trust God ?" Nothing seemed to disturb her. She adventured all on Christ, and though in-dwelling sin had often wrung her heart, she had glorious confidence in him, and felt that her deliverance drew nigh. She could say—

" The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading *what my Lord has done !*"

Very early on the morning of January 15th, 1833, she showed signs of dissolution. Her husband asked her if she knew that these were her *last moments*. She replied she did. " Do you feel the same entire confidence and happiness which you cherished when death was at a greater distance ?" " I do," was her reply. Putting forth her hand, she firmly took hold of Mr. M.'s, and for two hours never relinquished it a moment. Indeed she never relaxed the grasp. Death, and death only, loosed it. Little was said, for little was necessary. Her own

reflections were deemed better than any that could be offered. Her preparations had been fully made. Mr. M. asked her if she had any pain; she said "No." As her breathing gradually changed into little sighs, he inquired if she found the *very act of dying* sweet. She nodded an immediate assent. From this time there was not a sigh nor a movement. Her eyes, which had been shut, became languidly open, and moved from side to side, as if surveying an attendant convoy of happy spirits. They ceased to move, and looked up steadily; her breathing changed into short and distant inspirations, and presently ceased forever! All present instantly knelt, while her bereft and afflicted but divinely sustained husband, offered fervent prayer for her ascending spirit, for himself, and for their four little ones, unconscious of their loss.

"Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,
Where sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave, along the shore.

**"Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angels purple wing;
Oh grave! where is thy victory now?
Invidious death! Where is thy sting?"**

Seldom had so deep a sensation been created in Boston by the demise of any female, as by that of Mrs. Malcom. Not only the vast congregation to which she belonged, and the societies which had enjoyed her services, but many who had been slightly acquainted with her, and many more who had only heard of her character and labors, felt that she was a public loss. To gratify these, and yet secure the tranquillity of the afflicted family, she was immediately placed in a front parlor, where, for several days, hundreds called to see her beautiful remains. Many of the ministers of the city honored her funeral with their attendance, which, however, was conducted in the plainest and humblest manner possible.

Many letters of affectionate condolence were received by her bereaved and afflicted husband, both from the societies in which Mrs. M. had been active, and from individuals. All bore strong testimony to her exalted worth. The following resolutions, drawn up by the Hon. Richard Fletcher, whom her husband had baptized, were unanimously passed in the Federal

Street Church, and inclosed to Mr. M. in a touchingly sympathetic and affectionate letter :

“ Resolved. That as individuals, and as a church, we sympathise with our beloved pastor, in sorrowing for the death of his lamented wife ; and feel her loss to be one which cannot soon be repaired, to him or to ourselves.

“ When we remember the excellent talents bestowed on her by nature, and the loveliness with which they were clothed by Christian grace—her ardent zeal in devising and executing schemes of usefulness, and the gentle spirit and demeanor, which opened to her all hearts, and rendered her activity so extensively successful in its results—when we recollect how admirably she sustained herself in the performance of all her duties as a mother in the church, and as our pastor’s companion, and then reflect that she has left us for ever, we feel the deepest emotions of bereavement and sadness—emotions which are alleviated only by the assurance that our heavenly Father, in his providence, will do nothing that is not for our improvement and his own glory ; and that she, whom we see no more amongst us upon earth, is now performing the duties and enjoying the bliss of spirits made perfect in heaven.

“Resolved. That we are called upon by her removal to be more faithful in the discharge of our own duties—to rouse ourselves to such a degree of activity as will prevent injury to the church by its bereavement, and so to learn wisdom from suffering, as to be more ready and willing to depart ourselves, whenever God shall call upon us to follow our sister to the tomb.

“Resolved. That we consider the example of Mrs. Malcom a valuable legacy to the church, and feel ourselves under solemn obligation to imitate her excellencies, and will ever cherish a recollection of her virtues.”

Extract from a letter from the Hudson Maternal Society :

“Hudson, March 1st, 1833.

“Much esteemed friend and brother—

“Desirous of obeying the injunction of the apostle, ‘weep with them that weep,’ we feel not only a duty but a privilege to sympathize with you, under the recent dispensation of Providence, which has called upon you to mourn the loss of one who for thirteen years has stood by your side an able counsellor, a kind consoler, a faithful friend, a tender companion, and an accomplished and most pious mother of your children.

“We who were personally acquainted with

dear sister Malcom, and for years witnessed her earnest and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christ, and who even now enjoy the blessed results of her labors and her example—surely we know her value, and must mingle our tears with yours. She was the means of exciting us to those considerations and efforts in relation to our dear children which have resulted in the conversion of *thirty-eight* of them, within the space of seven years. Seldom do we meet without remembering her who first gathered us on those interesting occasions. We shall remember her children and yourself at the throne of grace. That they may be early brought to the knowledge of the truth, and that your labors may still be abundantly blessed in the conversion of souls.

“On behalf of the Society,

“SARAH BRADLEY, Sec.”

Thus have superior talents, refined and polished manners, extensive attainments, and eminent piety, been withdrawn from earth. Thus has the husband of her youth, and of her only love, been left alone. And thus have three sons and a daughter lost the guide of their infancy. But it is well!—both for her and the survivors—~~infinitely~~ infinitely!—eternally well!

" Lift not thou the wailing voice ;
 Weep not—'tis a Christian dieth ;
 Up where blessed saints rejoice,
 Ransomed now, the spirit flieth.

" High, in heaven's own light she dwelleth,
 Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
 Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
 Lift for her no voice of wailing !

" They who die in Christ are blessed ;
 Ours be, then, no thought of grieving ;
 Sweetly with their God they rest,
 All their toils and troubles leaving :

" So, be ours the faith that saveth,
 Hope, that every trial braveth,
 Love that to the end endureth,
 And, through Christ the crown secureth."

BR. DOANE.

It is difficult to decide what was Mrs. M.'s leading characteristic. In the early period of her life, *resolution* was, perhaps, her most obvious trait ; but it gradually subsided into *caution*, though without degenerating into timidity. She was seldom off her guard among strangers ; and, even among her best friends, took care to say nothing which she was not willing should be repeated. The consequence was, that she never was the cause of any misunderstanding or difficulty in her husband's church ; and, though many felt unreconciled to her not visiting them, she never incurred ill will.

The *desire of usefulness* amounted to a passion, even at her first conversion ; and continued a steady impulse to the end. Few persons came to the house, or fell in her way, on whom she did not urge, personally, the subject of religion. Many have spoken, both before and since her death, of their deriving benefit from her pointed and solemn conversation. As to letters, she early made a resolution, named in her diary of that time, never to write one without urging religious considerations in some part of it ; and from that rule the mass of her correspondence now before the compiler, shows that she seldom deviated.

Her love and care for the *souls of her children*, was at all times remarkable, and many prayers would be offered for them, even before they were born. Her highest, indeed her only ambition for them, was their conversion, and usefulness in the church. The anniversary of the birth of each child was always kept as a day of fasting and prayer.

In *presiding at meetings of Female Societies*, she was resolute to preserve exact order and decorum, and carefully informed herself as to strict parliamentary usages. By this means she always accomplished business with despatch,

and without that irregular and invisible mode of operating which scarcely ever fails to leave some ignorant of what is done, or displeased at the manner. Resolutions were passed by the Infant School Society, and transmitted to Mr. M., showing how affectionately she is remembered by those who called her to preside over that important institution. Similar resolutions were passed in several other societies with which she was connected at the time of her disease.

She was accustomed, for many years, to *think and speak of death with great pleasure and desire*. Many extracts might be given from her letters and diary, showing how perfectly she was prepared to give that messenger a cordial and joyous welcome. This attainment was made at an early period of her religious career. Under date of June 30, 1819, she thus writes in her diary: "In the afternoon Mrs. — took tea with us. Before she came, I prayed that the Lord would make my conversation profitable. She had not long been with us, before it thundered and lightened. She made an exclamation, and appeared very much appalled. She asked me if I was not afraid of thunder and lightning. 'Not in the least,' I replied, 'I am prepared for death.' 'What! did you say you were prepared

to die ?' 'Yes,' I rejoined. 'But are you not afraid ?' I answered, that there was nothing for me to fear ; that I felt it my duty to live near to God, and be ready to depart whenever it was his will ; that death would emancipate me from the dominion of sin, and a world diversified with afflictive vicissitudes, and introduce me to the enjoyment of immortal blessedness. She in surprise asked me if I felt confident of going to heaven. I said, Yes, because I rely wholly on Christ Jesus. I have nothing to recommend me to the favor of God—*my* righteousness 'is as filthy rags ;' but Christ died for sinners, and I feel that I am one of the chief of sinners. All my hope and trust is in him, and I am confident of going to heaven, because, 'whoever believes in him shall not be confounded.' She said, 'If those are your sentiments, you must be one of the happiest people in the world.' I told her that the happiness I enjoyed was offered to every one. She disbelieved that every one could possess it. I contended that they may, by diligently seeking God, and living near to him by meditation and prayer. We pursued the conversation, I trust, with profit."

This happy confidence prevailed during life, and did not desert her in the hour of final con-

flict, as has been shown. Death, though unexpected, did not take her by surprise. She was both habitually and actually prepared for his coming. It is truly surprising that this readiness to accept the will of God in *all* things is not more common. Surely it ought to be considered no great attainment in piety to be willing to die. It is but being willing that God should rule our destiny ; that we should be delivered from sin ; that we should serve him in a nobler capacity, and with nobler powers.

Mrs. M. *always expressed herself with great exactness and elegance.* This gave a peculiar charm to her conversation, and was noticed by all who were in her company. She had so perfectly acquired this habit, and was always so perfectly free from affectation, that it was the utmost remove from that starched and stately manner which some exhibit ; and while it excited respect, never repelled. In prayer, this rich fluency of expression was remarkably apparent. No one could be present without being struck with the depth, fervor, and extent of her religious conceptions. She seemed entirely insensible of the presence of others, while with tears, and multiplied arguments, she literally wrestled with God. She never refused to con-

duct family worship, when fatigue or indisposition induced her husband to desire it; and in his absence from home, if the gentlemen who might be staying at the house, were not professors of religion, or declined to officiate, she never failed to go through the service herself.

It was her habit *always to spend some portion of the week preceding the communion, in solemn preparation* for that delightful and most important ordinance. The consequence was, that generally she enjoyed both pleasure and profit in its celebration. From many similar passages in her diary, the following is taken as a specimen :

“Celebrated the supper instituted by our Lord Jesus. During the week previous, I had implored the Lord to prepare all our hearts, that we might approach and know our own weaknesses, and how to estimate our Saviour’s merits. I have often been surprised that, while contemplating the elements consecrated to the memory of my Saviour’s death, I am not more solemnly affected; and chide my heart for having so little sympathy for those sufferings that procured my redemption. To-day, I thought myself a poor reptile, that I could look on the symbols of his crucified body without feeling

my heart distended with grief. After endeavoring to ascertain the cause, I felt a joyous idea gleam through my mind. I thought that our Lord had died to purchase happiness for his followers, and that he does not command them to be sorrowful whilst participating in this relic of his love, but to do it 'in remembrance of him ;' to call to mind his exalted attributes, and by reminding us of his sufferings, and by the most powerful and exquisite passions of the human soul—gratitude and love—be constrained to desire to partake more and more of the divine effulgence of his graces."

A few months afterward, she says: "I rejoice that my irritable disposition is more subdued. Perfect the work, O Lord, and, by its complete extirpation, may I give evidence of the conquests of the cross. My heart delights more to attend frequently the house of God. I have lately experienced a more ardent panting for holiness than I remember having ever before felt. Thou hast promised, Lord, that those that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled.' In me accomplish it, I pray. For the last few days I have felt an uncommon and deep concern for Christless souls. I plead with the Lord for them, and entreated him to grant that the power of his Spirit should preside on

my lips, that I may be blessed to them. I felt, at the sacramental celebration of infinite love, that I had never experienced such happiness before."

She *possessed much natural fortitude*, which combined with her religious attainments, kept her always sustained and energetic in the hour of trouble. The following specimens might be multiplied tenfold. •

To her husband.

"My earthly comforts run very low, but my spiritual comforts mount very high. This fact furnishes me with a proof that a great attainment has been made in the Divine life; and so great has been my joy at the discovery, that my afflictions are swallowed up in praise. Oh, if this produce such a kindling of glory in my soul, what will be the nature of that, wrought out hereafter, by these afflictions, when I shall 'see him and be like him;' and when not a vestige of sin shall remain."

"I feel a sweet pleasure in giving you and myself up into the hands of God. I have *nothing* to ask, but that his holy pleasure may be done in reference to us."

"A triumphant confidence in the wisdom of the Divine appointments enables me to say,

‘Although the fig tree shall not blossom, &c., yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.’ ‘God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear.’ I feel myself a poor worm—perfect impotence, trusting in him who is omnipotent. I feel an intense anxiety (and a heavenly sweetness mingles with it) that the *visitation* may be ABUNDANTLY sanctified to my soul.

“Oh if it but deepens the impress of my Saviour’s image on my heart and character, it will be all well in time and eternity. I do indeed feel that—

‘Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.’

“May affliction induce us to consider what duties we have left undone, and may the detection of them inspire a determination of a more rigid devotedness, and a closer communion with God. ‘Not that alone which solaces and shines—the rough and gloomy challenges our praise.’

‘Thro’ time’s dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine,
Has but forestalled our own.

'Our hearts are fastened to this world,
By strong and endless ties;
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.' "

To the same.

"The case* appears very discouraging to me, and I feel much despondency respecting our future prospects, which I endeavor to dissipate by reviewing all the way our God has led us, and marking well his deliverances when all seemed overcast with portentous gloom. I do bow before the rod that smites, and kissing it cry out to God that the stroke may be sanctified. I am in distress, but not in despair. I am cast down but not forsaken. I have prayed much for months to be baptized into the spirit of Christ. Perhaps the prayer is to be answered by these trials—perhaps they are to test and decide whether the prayer has been answered. He has said, 'when thou passeth through the waters they shall not overflow thee, and through the flames they shall not kindle upon thee;' yea, that he is 'a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' all his precious dealings have proved this to us. My soul clings to him who has

* Referring to her husband's poor health.

given his promise for comfort and support. Being able to say from experience, thus far has he done all things well, we will still leave our case with him upon whom we have been cast from the womb, and prayerfully wait upon him who is the helper of such as cry unto him. Affliction is designed to teach us that this is not our abiding city, but that we are but sojourners and pilgrims here, and citizens of an eternal world. If this truth operates on the soul, we shall mount above grovelling pursuits, and live on the joys that proceed from the fountain of life. Our heavenly rest will be the sweeter after passing the tests assigned us here. With myriads of unfettered spirits we shall then,

—‘with extacy look down
On what once shocked our sight,
And thank the terrors of the past,
For ages of delight.’ ”

In regard to her husband, she was chiefly remarkable for a *constant and earnest desire to sustain and assist him as a Christian minister*. Though his engagements scarcely allowed him to sit down with her at home ten minutes at a time, during their whole connection, she never demanded more attention, or cherished impa-

tience. She often spoke of it, even with tears ; but regarded it as a cross, cheerfully to be borne for the good of others. To contribute to his usefulness, either by what she could do, or what she could forego, was as her meat and drink. Hence she cheerfully copied* or read for him, and saw visitors, and saved his time in every possible way. When he was specially engaged, she would wait on the front door, that only those who really needed an interview should be admitted, and that those who did not see him, might not be offended by the indiscretion or bluntness of a servant. She especially revered him as her spiritual father, and often alluded to that fact in her letters and conversation. None loved or sought his ministry more than she, or felt more deeply the privation of it when kept at home. She strove to make his home a place of rest and peace ; and though naturally of an unamiable disposition, she made herself, through grace, one of the best of wives, and lived, during her thirteen years of married life, in as great a share of conjugal felicity as falls to the lot of most.

Her mind being habitually established in assurance of hope, she cherished a holy contempt

* Her penmanship was legible, elegant, and rapid.

of earth, and a firm trust in the eternal covenant between the Father and the Son, as the tower of her strength and salvation. Dwelling on its vastness, its magnificence, its certainty, she longed to realize her splendid imaginings; and when the convoy came, she spread the pinions of her faith, and joyously soared to God.

Reader! follow them "who by faith and patience inherit the promises." God grant that the perusal of this memoir may not rise up in judgment against you!

The following is abridged from a sketch of the character of Mrs. M., by the Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., who had known her intimately from the time of her residence in Hudson. It appeared as editorial in the *CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN* of Aug. 23, 1833, the writer having charge of that paper during the temporary absence of the editor.

CHARACTER OF MRS. MALCOM.

"He who flatters the dead, deceives the living."

This observation of the great English moralist, contains a truth whose weight and importance, we fear, are but feebly realized by most eulogists of the departed. How rarely is the revealed model and standard of character re-

ferred to in determining the claims of the dead to the esteem and imitation of the living! Of how many who have been canonized by the blind partiality of friendship, or the base adulation of interest, may we justly fear that the final Judge will say, "I know you not."

One of the worst consequences of indiscriminate praise is, that it destroys confidence in the accounts of real and superior excellence; and so intercepts the influence of high and bright examples on the public mind. Such examples are greatly needed. Christianity is best seen in the exalted character it has imparted to its truest and most devoted disciples—the exalted character of conformity to the Son of God. Such examples are worthy to be distinctly portrayed for the benefit of the living, and that divine grace may be glorified in them forever and ever.

We again recur to the interesting and valuable sketch of one of the loveliest of women, which appears in the *American Baptist Magazine* of this month, for the sake of noticing two or three points, which, confirmed as they were in our case, by the faithful remembrances of personal knowledge, struck us most forcibly in its perusal. There is little danger, however of recurring too often to so dignified and beautiful an example of those graces of character, which

constitute, in all circumstances, the Christian's meetness for the inheritance of the saints on high." In Mrs. Malcom's person and station, those graces naturally shone with peculiar lustre, and have given her name and memory to the Christian Church at large, and especially to the circle favored with her acquaintance, as a glorious watchword in all future time.

*"Praise for yet one more name, with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us, onward as we press ;
One more bright image on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness."*

HEMANS.

The first peculiar trait in Mrs. Malcom's character which arrests attention, is THE SUPERIOR VIGOR AND ELEVATION OF HER MIND. Her very form and countenance ; her noble forehead, dark eye, and eloquent smile, bespoke this. So did the tones of her voice, which possessed a singular and affecting melody ; while her very enunciation conveyed the idea at once of the utmost refinement, united with the sweet simplicity of a child. Every one, indeed, must have been strongly impressed with the unaffected dignity of her person, manners, and deportment. No woman we ever knew seemed so perfectly to embody Milton's ideal conception of Eve.

Another trait in Mrs. Malcom's character is, **THE DEEP-TONED FERVOR, AND RADIANT JOY OF HER PIETY.** This is indeed evident in all her correspondence, which the whole tenor of her life corroborated and confirmed. It was not the flash of strong occasional emotion, but an ardor daily sustained by prayer and meditation, and exercised in all the appropriate duties of her sphere ; and equally distinguished, at once, by its depth and steadiness, its holy self-abasement, its tenderness of affection, and its perfect rationality. Observe how she speaks of her feelings at the time of her public reception into the Sansom Street Church, by Dr. Staughton, in her twentieth year—at her second communion with the church—when mourning over the remains of indwelling sin—or after an advancement in self-knowledge.

In addressing her brother, too, what a clear and noble testimony does she bear to the worth of vital and practical religion !

The same fervor and joy of piety are strikingly evident in her letters to her husband, when about to settle in Hudson, in 1820, and while engaged in his General Agency of the American Sunday School Union.

And O how beautifully are her sentiments on God's parental discipline of his children in

this world, developed near the close of life, in the letter in which she points out the use of "minor troubles."

It cannot be imputed to any other cause than this fervent and habitual piety, that, as her biographer observes—

"She never refused to conduct family worship when fatigue or indisposition induced her husband to desire it; and in his absence from home, if the gentlemen who might be staying at the house were not professors of religion, or declined to officiate, she never failed to go through the service herself."

The natural tendency of evangelical views of the death of Christ to promote the purity and happiness of the believer, are admirably displayed by her remarks on the Lord's Supper. Thus, when speaking of the concern she had felt because she was not moved to more lively sorrow in view of the sufferings of our Lord, she adds—

"After endeavoring to ascertain the cause, I felt a joyous gleam through my mind. I thought that our Lord had died to purchase happiness for his followers, and that he does not command them to be sorrowful whilst participating in this relic of his love, but to do it 'in remembrance of him;' to call to mind his exalted attri-

butes, and, by reminding us of his sufferings, and by the most powerful and exquisite passions of the human soul—gratitude and love—constrain us to desire to partake more and more of the divine effulgence of his graces.”

A third trait in Mrs Malcom’s character was **THE EXQUISITE BALANCE AND HARMONY OF HER VARIOUS POWERS AND VIRTUES.** Her mind seemed to be developed fully, and in the most beautiful proportions. Her moral and intellectual attainments were of a very high order and wide extent ; while they seemed to be regulated by the most delicate and consummate prudence.

Though naturally of an irritable temperament, christian meekness was perhaps the crowning grace in her character. Her taste was singularly elevated and refined ; her manners polished, dignified, and easy ; her countenance and form full of every feminine attraction, full of every intelligent, sweet, and pure expression, full of all that suggests to our minds the idea of super-human excellence. And all this rare combination of lovely qualities, was seen so warmly, so constantly, so gently consecrated to duty and to usefulness, irradiating, adorning, and moving to holy and benevolent activity every circle in which she moved, from the lowest to the highest,

alike in the Sunday-school of African children, and at the head of the Boston Infant School Society, that we can hardly forbear uttering the impassioned apostrophe of the poet, as the real description of our feelings.

“Oh, there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne’er seen before ;
As fancy never could have drawn.
And never can restore !”

This exalted harmony of character, perhaps more than any thing else, seemed to preclude *envy*. Among all classes and denominations of Christians, she was equally esteemed and beloved. Her pre-eminence was at once felt and acknowledged, among the most refined and cultivated of her own sex. What one lady, of high distinction in society, once remarked of her in our hearing, seemed the *common* sentiment—“I have known many who appeared pre-eminent in some *one* qualification for usefulness ; but I never met with one who seemed to me to combine *so many*, and in such perfection, as Mrs. Malcom. She seems to live but to do good.” Another observed of her, “We trust we can love and admire the excellence which we cannot reach ; and we shall feel happy in laboring to imitate it too.” We trust these feelings are

universal. It would indeed be exceedingly criminal not to glorify God for his grace, in raising up before our eyes, so lovely an example of conformity in character to the image of his Son.

And this suggests to us another trait in her character, which is, THE DISTINCTNESS OF THAT DIVINE CHANGE WHICH TOOK PLACE IN HER MIND WHEN SHE BECAME A REAL CHRISTIAN. It has sometimes been said that conversion is not necessary to those whose dispositions from early youth are pure, correct, and amiable in human estimation. And when such a change is *professed*, there are many who cannot comprehend its sincerity, or in what it really consists. Such persons might be profited by studying the moral history of Mrs. Malcom. They might see that notwithstanding her youthful purity, dignity and loveliness, she was, up to the time of her conversion, "*a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God.*" The carnal mind is in all circumstances, even of the highest refinement, "enmity against God." This, then, was her sin, this her misery and condemnation in her unconverted state, *the degrading and ungrateful idolatry of her mind and affections, in the sight of her Creator, Benefactor, Father, sovereign,*

and Judge. Yet while thus beguiled by the fascinations of the world, eager in the chase of pleasure, and "alienated from the life of God," she found not true peace. Hear her own subsequent confession: "I have been an ardent votary of what the world calls pleasure; but I solemnly declare that I never knew pleasure until I knew God."

Another beautiful trait in the character of our departed friend is, THE PECULIAR HAPPINESS OF HER CONJUGAL UNION, DERIVED FROM RELIGIOUS SOURCES. It might seem that the conscious possession of such powers as those of Mrs. Malcom, especially when associated with some superiority of age, and the feelings of an heiress, might tend to lesson that gentle deference and sweet submissiveness of spirit, which is equally the duty and the charm of woman in her conjugal relations. We cannot but admire how every tendency of that kind was in her case effectually counteracted, not more by her general sense of propriety, than by the singular fact that the husband of her choice had been chosen of God as the instrument of her conversion, the first and most faithful, if not indeed the *only* guide of her soul, to happiness and God. What a bond of reverential and grateful

love was this to a mind so exquisitely alive as was hers, to all the blessedness of an eternal salvation in Christ! If Paul in reference to a similar bond, could say to Philemon, "thou owest me even thine own self," who can wonder that the love of Mrs. Malcom to her spiritual father and friend, should partake so largely of the character of religion.

The closing scene, as depicted in the memoir, speaks for itself to every heart. What page of romance can be produced, equal in touching power, to this page of calm reality? What wedded pair, in looking forward to the certain and trying hour of approaching separation, can hope to find it a holier and sweeter scene than this? For ourselves, we cannot realize it without tears.

The firm and thrilling pressure of that dying hand, through which were conveyed with electric power the last pulsations of a heart so tender and so full of heaven—what language did it speak to him, whose agony and yet whose happiness it was, *to feel it*? We are so forcibly reminded of the beautiful language of Edith to Herbert, in Mrs. Heman's English Martyrs, that we must transcribe it for our readers. It requires no effort of the imagination to

conceive that such were the dying sentiments of Mrs. Malcom.

“——To Heaven! my guide to Heaven,
 My noble and my blessed! Oh look up,
 Be strong, rejoice my Husband! But for *thee*,
 How could my spirit have sprung up to God,
 Through the dark cloud which o’er its vision hung,
 The night of fear and error? Thy dear hand
 First raised that veil, and showed the glorious world—
 My heritage beyond. Friend! Love and Friend!
 It was as if thou gav’st me thine own soul
 In those bright days!—Yes! a new earth and heaven,
 And a new sense for all their splendors born,
 These were thy gifts! and shall I not rejoice
 To die, upholding their immortal worth,
 Ev’n for *thy* sake? *Yes! filled with nobler life,*
By thy pure love, made holy to the truth,
Lay me upon the altar of thy God,
The first fruits of thy ministry below;
Thy work, thine own!—
 And let me bless *thee*, Husband! in this hour;
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing might!
 Oh! thou hast loved me nobly!—as a pearl
 Of richest price! and thou didst fill my soul
 With the high gifts of an immortal wealth.
 I bless, I bless thee! Never did thine eye
 Look on me but in glistening tenderness,
 My gentle husband! Never did thy voice
 But in affection’s deepest music, speak
 To thy poor Lydia! Never was thy heart
 Aught but the kindest sheltering home to mine,
 My faithful, generous Husband!

Alas ! thy tears

Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive ! forgive !
I should not melt thy noble strength away,
In such an hour.

——Sweet Lydia, no ! my heart
Will fail no more ; God bears me up through thee ;
And by thy words, and by the heavenly light
Shining around thee through thy very tears,
Will yet sustain me ! * * * * *

BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



MALCOM'S TRAVELS IN SOUTHEASTERN ASIA.

A great part of the work relates to countries almost entirely unknown, even to the best informed, viz., Bengal, the Carnatic, Tennaserim, Chittagongs, Burmah, Pegu, Malaya, Siam, Malacca, China, and the Cape of Good Hope. The journey occupied about three years. As the customs of Eastern nations do not change, the book is as fresh and accurate now as when first printed. It is illustrated by a map, four steel engravings, and eighty-six wood cuts, *all entirely original.*

From the Preface.

"The author was sent out as the deputy and representative of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, to examine into and adjust many points not easily settled by correspondence ; to compare the operations in other missions ; to survey the field ; to decide the claims of proposed stations ; to comfort, guide, and strengthen the missionaries ; and to gather details on every point where the board lacked information.

"Such a mission gave me confidence in the eyes of all classes, and toleration in making investiga-

tions, which might otherwise have been impertinent. My interpreters, in the various countries, were not only thoroughly conversant with the language, but men possessing the people's confidence."

Of the notices of the press, the following are a fair specimen of a multitude. They are, however, mere extracts from much longer editorials :

Boston Recorder.

"We hardly know how to express, in adequate terms, the gratification we have found in the perusal of these volumes. They are an invaluable acquisition to the stock of missionary literature. The whole American Church will be benefited by the extensive circulation of this work."

Christian Watchman (Boston.)

"Its claims are far above ordinary books of travel. Rarely do we meet with a book, which, like this, combines the advantages of being the work of one who unites strong and well-trained powers of observation with a mind enriched by science, literature, and history. The immense amount of information in this work, relating to scenery, productions, customs, government, population, religion, foreign influence, and missionary operations, must be surprising and gratifying to every reader."

New York Commercial Advertiser.

"We ought to have noticed these volumes before now; but really a substantial and valuable book 'gives us pause,' when a lighter one can be despatched quickly. *Malcom's Travels* are a thing to be read. No editor, even of a city daily paper, would lay them down after a glance, without going through them, as he would with the spiciest novel

of the day. It is one of the very best books of the kind which this country has seen. The infinite care and pains bestowed upon it, are evident on every page. It is not a collection of facts, but a *selection*—in an order, a spirit, a style, which makes all things tell."

Boston Transcript.

"This work has gone through five editions; has been reprinted both in London and Edinburg, and is traveling over all the world."

St. Louis Daily Gazette.

"Rev. Howard Malcom, a man of high general character, talents, and attainments, has within three years performed a missionary tour to the Coromandel coast, Calcutta, Burmah, Siam, and China, in which he made nineteen sea voyages, fourteen by rivers, and a total journey of over sixty thousand miles. The cost, including personal expenses, presents to chiefs, purchase of curiosities for missionary rooms, and salary, amounted to less than five thousand dollars. We mention this only to add, that we never knew time and money expended more faithfully. His descriptions and valuable notes are worthy of all praise. Such a book may well occupy leisure time, to the exclusion of works under which the press groans, and the mind starves, at the present day."

Gospel Witness (New York.)

"All who wish to obtain accurate and extensive information concerning that portion of the world, would do well to purchase this work."

Baptist Register (New York.)

"He has supplied us, not only with information, but with ample and logical disquisitions, upon the

most important problems connected with the spread of the gospel among the heathen. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice, and he possesses the admirable faculty of giving a large amount of information in brief, pointed, and pregnant language."

Poughkeepsie Eagle.

"A strong proof of the popularity of the book is the fact, that though published only three months ago, five thousand have already been sold. The most flattering notices of the book have appeared in every part of the United States, especially one in the *Christian Review*, understood to be written by President Wayland."

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

"Here is one of the few books of travels, which are to be bought and studied, not borrowed and read. Its pages are crowded with facts—things as they are; not 'incidents of travel.' The botanist, politician, geologist, geographer, and merchant, will each find his own department rich in information. The friend of missions will find more, both of encouragement and information, than he can obtain anywhere else; and the more miscellaneous reader will enjoy it as well as any novel, or narrative of the day."

Zion's Advocate (Maine.)

"We know of no 'travels,' in any country, to be read with so much delight as those of Mr. M. He is a ready and accurate observer, noticing every thing worthy of notice, and describing so graphically that you seem to have the very objects before you. The style of the book deserves all praise. The map drawn by Mr. M. is the most beautiful we ever saw, and it is a feast to look at the engravings scattered all over the book. We predict that this

will be one of the most popular books ever issued from the American press."

Eclectic Review (London) March, 1840.

"Art. vii., Malcom's Travels—Cha. Tilt. London.

"The missionary press has, within a few years, presented to the reading public many very interesting volumes by Ellis, Stewart, Williams, Medhurst, Gutzlaff, and others, on several portions of the world hitherto little known; but we venture to say, that never has it produced a work of more interest or utility than the present. We are not sure that any two volumes in the whole circle of British literature contain so much useful and correct information."

After extended extracts from the book, the *Review* remarks:—"The statistical information given by Mr. M., respecting natural productions, and social and political institutions, is, as far as our information extends, beyond what is conveyed in any volume in the language."

Scottish Pilot (Edinburg.)

"Malcom's Travels—People's edition. Published by W. and R. Chambers.

"Once and again have we taken up this work, that we might pass it under review, but as often have been led from our intentions to the more agreeable occupation of reading it for our pleasure. The details of Mr. M. *must* interest every reader but we confess our feelings to have been animated by the recollection of similar scenes in life's pilgrimage, strengthening our disposition to wander with him from one field to another. We thank the Messrs. Chambers for bringing such a work before their numerous circle. Let them enrich their People's edition with a few such works, and we predict for them an extensive sale, besides the assurance of

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It distinctly sets forth Baptist views of God's doctrines, and ordinances, and has been warmly recommended by numerous Baptist conventions, associations, and periodicals. Instead of quoting from these, it is enough to say that over *one hundred and forty thousand copies* have been sold.

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5. They tend to prevent the irreligious partner from being converted to God.

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cially females, is here divested of its formidable repulsions. By breaking up its long and complicated sentences, and correcting its miserable punctuation, the text is divested of that obscurity which has ever characterized the style of Butler. But the grand feature of this edition is the *Conspectus*, where every idea in the book, is given in the editor's language, and the argument presented in a luminous, analytical arrangement, under heads and sub-heads, in a manner which makes the study of the book not only possible but pleasant, to persons of far less mental culture than college seniors, to whom it has hitherto been restricted as a text book.

The notes on almost every page, not only explain and expand the author's views, but designate authors on all the leading topics, by whom that particular question has been more largely handled.

The Index is a new feature in editions of the "Analogy," and cost much patient labor. It not only enables the student to find what he seeks, but makes the book what it never was before, a book of reference for the general reader. Every lover of books appreciates the value of a good index.

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